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THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs, or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs, or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

GOOD AND . . . FAITHFUL SERVANTS.

IN another part of the paper an account will be found of a remarkable example of long service on an estate. It will give food for thought at a time when the relationship between master and servant is undergoing a rapid change. The spirit of the age is against prolonged service of this kind. Within comparatively recent times it was otherwise, if we may judge from those mirrors of the life of their own day, contemporary novels. In the time of Dickens and Thackeray, and much more so in that of Scott, the old retainer was an object of pride in the hall. He figured in many different capacities. Sir Walter himself loved an aged gardener, and we all remember the veteran falconers and huntsmen whom he loved to depict. This was about the time when "Bracebridge Hall" was written, and Washington Irving was more English than the English themselves in the way he praised the old servitor. In the festive pages of "Pickwick" we behold Sam Weller an old servant in the making, and Dingley Dell seems to be a very Paradise of the aged. This feeling continues in the novels of Anthony Trollope, George Eliot, and even in the pages of Meredith, who, pioneer as he was, could not help sympathising with that fine aspect of humanity. But recently the tendency has been to ridicule connections such as this. Perhaps the most modern type of servant we have in this country is the driver of a motor-car, the chauffeur, as he has been named in French, as though the English tongue were too poverty-stricken to provide a name for him. It is impossible to imagine even in the most distant future that a time will come when the grey-haired chauffeur will attend upon

a venerable master scarcely any longer able to toddle from the doorstep to the car. This is an extreme case, but it surely typifies the spirit that is abroad at the present time. It is the personal impression, at any rate, of most of us who go about the country, that houses are more frequently thronged with new faces than used to be the case; that even such well-established institutions as the housekeeper and the butler are more liable to removal than they used to be in days of yore, when even their crudities and angularities endeared them to employers with whom they had been for a very long time.

In regard to ordinary outdoor labourers and hired folk of every description there seems to be much less continuity of service than used to be the case. A kind of Jack-is-as-good-as-his-master feeling may partly account for it; but also there is a restlessness which is new to the age we live in. The Socialist and advanced thinker are probably responsible in part, because they are in the habit of pouring scorn upon the quality of faithfulness as being unworthy of a free people. Their high-sounding theories, however, have not, as far as we have been able to ascertain, made for the greater happiness of those who adopt them. If it were possible to institute a comparison between the lives of servants such as those we figure and describe to-day and others who are isolated in what they call their independence, is it doubtful which would be esteemed to have the happier lot? As it happens, no one can weigh or measure the happiness of another, so that we are reduced to guess-work in estimating it; but there is one sign that can scarcely lead us very far wrong. Time is continually writing on all our faces. The happy hours leave pleasant expression, and the miserable, anxious hours deepen the lines peculiar to them. Whoever has gone much about among the poor is well aware that the old too often bear the records of past suffering and privation on their countenances. We do not find that the aged servants go about with this sorrowful look. Certainly no human being attains any age in the neighbourhood of fourscore without encountering much disillusion and sorrow. It would be unreasonable to expect the hopeful buoyancy on the face of a man of eighty that is natural to the youth of eighteen; but making due allowance for the natural effect of Time, it is the simple truth that the majority of these old servants display an old age like a bright winter day, frosted but kindly. They retain their mental faculties and much of their physical vigour. Men who can go about the ordinary work of farm and estate after from eighty to ninety years of labour offer a sufficient proof in themselves that their lives must have been happier than those of most people. They have, of course, been in a sense secluded from the turmoil and the worry of the outside world, but this in itself is an argument for, and not against, long service.

What is equally remarkable is that these men have not been confined to the service of one master. The oldest of them were engaged by Lord Palmerston about eighty years ago, and since then no fewer than three succeeding squires have held sway at the hall. It is to their credit that the family tradition has been so well maintained. The heir on succeeding would seem to have recognised that the welfare of these aged servants was committed to his keeping as something that had to be handed on in due time to his own successor. Most conscientiously has the duty been discharged. The question must be asked, Would these people have been better had they been released from work and pensioned off as soon as they began to show signs of advancing age? There are doctrinaires among us who preach that all workers should be given a rest at about sixty. It is, we believe, a fanciful and impracticable doctrine. After all, the man is happiest in this world who can make his work his hobby, and who day by day follows the vocation he most delights in. We know this to be true of the poet and the artist, but it is equally so of the humble cottager. The gamekeeper who all his life has had the care of birds and beasts committed to his charge has built up a custom that is second nature to him, and, in different degrees, this is true of all who follow outdoor vocations. They are happiest by far as long as they can go about the work to which they have been accustomed. When compelled to lay down their tools they often break up altogether. It is, of course, very different in callings that are organised and ruled by unions. There the old man has no place. He is an encumbrance both to his fellow-workers and his employer.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Marchioness of Anglesey. The Marchioness is a daughter of Sir George Chetwynd, Bt., and her marriage to Mr. John Francis Grey Gilliat is announced to take place on December 11th.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



COUNTRY NOTES

A MORALIST writing a history of the negotiations about the Thorney Estate would find himself compelled to comment on the decay of dignity in great places. Mr. Rowland Protheroe, agent for the Duke of Bedford, makes the distinct allegation that the Board of Agriculture, when negotiating for the purchase of this estate, made the stipulation that the Duke of Bedford, before the sale was effected, should raise the rents of the tenants. The contention was, of course, that the rents charged by the Duke did not yield a fair interest on the £750,000 which was fixed as the price of the estate. It ought to be added that the tenants were agreeable. By general consent the rents were too low. But the members of the Government did not wish to incur unpopularity by raising these rents themselves, and hence their bargaining that, before the transfer took place, the Duke of Bedford should do so. In older times this would have been considered a very serious imputation to bring against any Government. There is something not only undignified, but almost grovelling in the sensitive and astute care which is taken not to offend the sovereign electors. The older and, as we cannot help thinking, the better, plan would have been to follow out a proposed course, and allow the public to form its own opinion on the merits of the case.

Lord Carrington, whose personal popularity both in the House of Lords and in the country everybody acknowledges, has replied to Mr. Rowland Protheroe to such effect as to leave his department in a greater fix than they were before. His rejoinder is only a complaint that Mr. Protheroe "has not scrupled to give to the world a one-sided version of my confidential communications with him." In the circumstances, it does not seem unfair to assume that the Board of Agriculture did bargain that to save their faces the Duke of Bedford should raise the rents. The proceeding has a graver significance than is conveyed by the remark that it is undignified. It shows in a remarkable manner what dangers there are attendant upon the acquisition of land by public bodies—that is to say, by persons whose position exists by the will of the electors, and who, therefore, are under the greatest temptation to flatter and blind the general public. If this is not the gate that leads to corruption, we do not know what it should be called. When a purchaser asks, not "Is my bargain a good one?" but "How will it look in the eyes of the public?" he is no longer to be trusted.

Of far more than ordinary interest is the present of flowers which the Governor of Western Australia, Sir Gerald Strickland, has sent to Mr. Chamberlain. The idea of doing so arose out of a correspondence in which Sir Gerald had spoken of the brilliant colourings of Western Australian flowers. He thought of sending them in ice in order that Mr. Chamberlain might have an opportunity of admiring the vivid tints at his leisure. It was a difficult problem, that of sending them here with their brightness undimmed, and the Governor found out the way himself. He had his specimens frozen into the centre of blocks of ice and packed in a special case which was placed in the hold of the steamship Ophir. The flowers were still frozen when presented to Mr. Chamberlain, but within the melting blocks of ice they showed as clearly as if surrounded by glass. The flowers comprised a pink aster, the snow white Southern Cross, the yellow candolea, red boronia, the red mesembryanthemum, the white cynaphea polymorpha and the red and yellow Banshee.

The enumeration makes one regret the quick passing of their bloom, which could not long continue after the melting of the ice.

On Wednesday there was opened at the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall in Vincent Square an Exhibition of Colonial Fruit and Bottled English Fruit. It is a practical comment on the remarks of a contributor whose article appears in this issue. The writer has been apparently going round the fruit stalls in Covent Garden, and has been very much struck by the immense improvement that has taken place in this branch of industry during the last few years. He shows that fruits grown in a sunnier clime than ours naturally assume brighter colours and, generally speaking, a more attractive appearance. He points out also that the fruits which were looked upon as comparatively rare luxuries a few years ago have now come into general consumption. Persimmons, Avocado pears, citrons, are cases in point. An interesting problem is raised as to whether English growers could not raise fruits that would rival those of our Colonies and the Continental countries. There is certainly much to be done in our gardens and orchards yet, and perhaps if the hybridists would come to the assistance of the fruit-growers we might successfully produce fruits that would have an improved appearance as well as an improved flavour.

We were glad to notice that special prominence was given to English bottled fruits in the exhibition. Small as our production is compared with that of other parts of the world, it is a lamentable fact that a very large proportion of it is lost annually, because when fruit is plentiful the price realised will not pay the cost of packing and sending to market. Too often a bumper crop of pears, apples or plums is simply allowed to rot on the ground. This might be avoided if the art of bottling fruit were more widely known. Of course, we know that, theoretically, everybody understands all about it. Lectures have been delivered and articles written *ad nauseam* for the instruction of the womenfolk on the farms. At the same time, those who do know much about our orchards at home are well aware that the English housewife, even when she tries her hand at bottling, very often meets with abject failure, or if not that, at least with a very modified success. This, no doubt, can be traced by experts to very simple causes, which could be removed easily enough; but the fact remains that they are not removed and that many a good crop, even during the present season, was practically lost to the grower because the art of bottling fruit is not sufficiently known.

TO CHLOE.

(With a present of a pair of field-glasses.)

I send this little wedding gift in hopes
That you may watch on days of summer leisure
Your favourite batsman hitting to the ropes
With greater pleasure.
That you, who from your infancy were taught
To love the country, one of Nature's daughters,
Of wood and moor may learn the secrets brought
To closer quarters.
Oft may you see through these, while others grout
And grumble at the luck that has attacked them,
Long-priced outsiders romping home in front,
When you have backed them.
And use them, pray, to magnify, my friend,
Your husband's virtues, which, be sure, are many,
But view his failings through the other end,
If he has any. R. S. T. C.

Those who were interested in the prosecution of a Cambridge undergraduate for cruelty to a hind ought to read the letter of Mr. Foakes Jackson, the Senior Proctor. It shows that, to say the least of it, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in taking up this case, seem to have been actuated as much by a desire to advertise their own virtue as to suppress cruelty. The act took place on October 21st, and public attention was directed to it in a local paper. The Vice-Chancellor of the University called the Proctor's attention to it, and very prompt action was taken. An edict was drawn up, pointing out that in future the hunting of deer and other animals kept in confinement rendered members of the University amenable to the court of discipline, and the practice was brought to an end. It was a month later that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals decided to take up the case. Mr. Jackson wrote to them at once, explaining the drastic action taken by the University, and offering to go up and meet the council himself and explain things. They paid no attention to this, however, but went on with their unnecessary proceedings. The county magistrate decided at once that there was no case. No doubt the Society

for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals ought to be credited with good intentions, but we are afraid they are of the kind with which a certain place is, according to legend, paved.

Mr. James Nisbet writes to us: "A strong westerly wind, hardly amounting to a gale, on the night of Friday 12th to Saturday 13th November, 1909, blew down the Ardwall Beech, one of the celebrated trees of Scotland. Standing near the front of Ardwall House, Kirkcudbright, the property of Mr. McCulloch, an ancestor of Lady Ardwall, it occupied the middle of a level spot where it was proposed, about 1800, to form a garden; and there was a good deal of family discussion as to whether the tree should be cut down, or the garden made elsewhere (as was finally decided on). Thomas Campbell, the poet, happened to have been there on a visit about this time, and siding with those who wished the tree to be left standing, wrote on this theme his well-known short poem, 'The Beech-tree's Petition,' which was published in the *London Morning Chronicle*, in 1800:

Twice twenty summers I have seen
The sky grow bright, the forest green;
And many a wintry wind have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,
Since childhood in my pleasant bower
First spent its sweet and sportive hour;
Since youthful lovers in my shade
Their vows of truth and rapture made,
And on my trunk's surviving frame
Carved many a long-forgotten name.

It now lies prone, a moribund giant of about one hundred and seventy to two hundred years old, past all hope of being propped up again and given a new lease of life; for its crown is huge and its bole is probably unsound and rotten at the core. Its trunk is only fourteen feet long, and then divides into many large and fairly equal-sized branches bearing a vast crown of smaller branches and twigs. At four and one-third feet above ground it girths fourteen feet six inches, and the stem is round and symmetrical. For the last two years its foliage has been small and sickly, and the buds formed this year are poorly developed. During this good mast year it set fruits, but they are small and badly filled, though the pheasants were eating them when I visited the spot eight days after the fall. The seed has been collected, and cuttings have been taken to try and grow a part of its own individual self on the very spot where the old tree stood."

No visitor to the Smithfield Show should omit an inspection of the table poultry. We are not as a nation famous for our fatted fowls as for our beef and mutton, and yet even foreign visitors will admit that at Smithfield some of the best in the world are staged. We have the Dorking, which is not only the largest, but the finest, table fowl in the world; crossed with the Indian Game it makes the best possible cross. Also there is the Sussex, with which the London market is chiefly supplied; and French visitors may note the presence of the Faverolle, which our breeders have taken to very kindly, crossing it with the Sussex, the Buff Orpington and the Indian Game. The improvement in the quality of the fowls staged in the decade which has elapsed since Sir Walter Gilbey initiated this feature is certainly surprising. Then, fatted, i.e., artificially crammed, fowls were practically unknown out of Sussex, and some of the exhibitors sent up for competition birds which were not worth the entry fee; others, again, exhibited fowls unfasted with the crops full, and as a whole the early displays were hardly a credit to our poultry industry. Even now there is plenty of room for improvement. The number of skilled fatteners in this country is too few and the size of our fowls as a whole is not good; there is too much what the market calls second-class stuff sent to Leadenhall and the Central Market. But we are moving in the right direction.

Those who advocate the construction of more canals for the cheap transit of goods, will be discouraged by the Report on European Waterways drawn up by Mr. Lindley for the Royal Commission. He points out that in none of the European countries where investigations were conducted are the canals self-supporting. In Belgium forty per cent. of the total freight by canal falls upon the State, and in France the State bears forty-one per cent. In Germany the conditions are a little better because greater natural facilities exist in that country. This may be, and no doubt is, all very true; but at the same time the facts are not altogether applicable to England. At this time of day very few people contemplate the formation of new canals. They do not serve the purpose so well as a good railway, which is solely confined to the one form of traffic, and so need not conform to those Board of Trade regulations which are drawn up to safeguard human life. But the canals that are in existence might surely be used more than

is the case for traffic in which speed is no object. Even with them it is possible that the changes now contemplated may produce a great difference. The use of motor power on water has become much more practicable even in the short space of time that has elapsed since the appointment of the Commission.

While wishing success to the council which has been formed for National Housing and Town Planning, we feel doubtful if they are going the right way to work. The names of the committee, consisting to a large extent of those who have built towns for themselves, suggest the line of action that is most popular with them; Mr. Cadbury, for instance, Mr. Lever or Mr. Seeborn Rowntree, are naturally interested in constructing villages for workmen. But the problem is, in reality, how to introduce cleanliness and hygienic law into the places already existing. If medical officers of health throughout the country would do their duty, it is perfectly certain that there would be a decrease at once in the rate of infant mortality. Not long ago, in the company of an eminent authority on rural housing, the present writer had occasion to pay a surprise visit to an English village.

It is in an open parish, and the owners of the various houses are mostly poor men. No medical man who saw the contiguity of pigsties to human habitations, or the liquid that oozed from the pigsty and was soaking into the ground under the very walls of a cottage where children were, would wonder that deaths frequently occur there from diphtheria and other throat diseases. Where three or four hovels belonged to one individual the hygienic arrangements were such as to render it absolutely impossible that girls born and bred in such surroundings could grow up with any sense of decency left in them. It was more than unsanitary, it was degrading. What is wanted is a society that will make itself unpleasant all round by enquiring into villages like this, and forcing the local authorities to take action. Certainly it is an argument against small ownership that the cottages owned by great landed proprietors are a thousand times more healthy than those which belong to poor people.

CAGED BIRDS.

When birds sing in the city tree
That brings the woodland green to me,
When through the meadow-sweet, on slopes,
A slender water clearer gorges,
O, then, as one who must offend,
My feathered prisoners I tend.

Forgive, dear, caged, contentless ones!
'Twas not I clipped your wings; from suns,
From freedom, and wild solitude
I took you not, nor from your brood;
My birds should wing wide leagues to-day,
Did not their flight lag wearily.

I must your gaoler be. Ache not
Towards that fair west! O, would forgot
Were your untrammelled Yesterday!
'Tis but in love I bid you stay;
O birds, sweet comrades, suffer then
To be the prisoners of men.

T. K. LLOYD.

A report has just been issued by the conference which has been sitting for some time urging a more intelligent teaching of English to those who are themselves engaged in education; that is to say, the pupil teachers and assistant teachers in our national schools. The subject is of great importance, but in vague terms like this it has been dealt with often before. What is most wanted is a system by which the young people of this country will learn to use the English language with lucidity and precision. An old educationalist used to assert that the whole matter lay in the short sentence; teach either a child or a man to have a beginning, a middle and an end to each written or even spoken utterance of his, and you force him to think clearly and to bring his thought into compass and clear definition. The long involved sentence which nearly all ignorant people write is not a proof of a complicated mind, but of lack of command over the English language. Clear thinking is the main essential to clear expression. Teach English and you teach a child to educate himself.

The winter migrants are coming over at an early date this season. The "longshore" gunners and the punters of the East Coast of England have to go back a long way in their memories before finding a year in which the wildfowl have visited them, in such numbers and variety, before the last of November. It seems as if it were with some fore-knowledge of the early coming of the

cold that the wild geese were passing over Scotland, as we recorded, before their usual time—now more than two months back. Wild swans have been seen already down our South-Eastern Coasts, and it is usually thought that these birds do not come here until the Cattegat and Zuyder Zee are frozen. Of smaller fowl the variety is great, and there has been a vast immigration of wood-pigeons, which the acorns in our woods are attracting. It is likely that this will be one of the years in which the woodcock will not stay long, as they have rather made a habit of staying lately, in the East of England, but will pass over to Ireland and the West. There is evidence in all this that, if our own weather has been severe, it has been very much more so in Northern Europe.

Considering the state of the country, with fences very blind and here and there a good deal of frost in the ground, it is wonderful that we have not heard of a good many more accidents in the hunting-field. The Duke of Roxburghe, who broke his leg in the early part of last week hunting with the Quorn, is making good progress, and nothing serious is to be feared as the result of that mishap. So much frost so early in the season is most unusual, and probably it is quite unprecedented that it should have stopped hunting in November with some of the West Country packs, which have been able to do nothing because of the hard ground. Where hunting has been possible during the cold weather the conditions have been of the worst for scent, and sport has been very poor in consequence. Possibly it is on this account that the casualty list has not been longer.

It has recently been announced that the competitive examination for cadets for the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich—that is to say, for those in training for the Royal Engineers and Royal Artillery—is suspended, and that all

candidates will be admitted who have been successful in passing the qualifying examination. So greatly have times changed during the last twenty or thirty years! At the beginning of that interval there were some ten applicants for every vacancy in the Line; but the competitive examination for entering Sandhurst has long been abolished, and now it is suspended for the more scientific branches of the Service also. It is very necessary that the reasons should, if possible, be ascertained for this growing unpopularity of the Army as a gentleman's profession. Lack of stability in the War Office's dealing with officers, so that they have no guarantee that the conditions under which they join the Army are of any permanence, is one of the suggested reasons, and probably a true one. Another suggestion is the inadequacy of the pay in the junior ranks.

We do not think, however, that the latter suggestion is nearly so likely to be correct. The boy who goes into a Line regiment, especially if he goes to India, can live with less expense to his parents than he is likely to live for some years in any other profession. It is far more probable that the other, the latter, end of military service is that to which the father is looking, perhaps considering his own forced retirement and very moderate pension, when he dissuades his boy from entering the Army. Boys who have the ability for the scientific branches, and are specially trained in the Army in gunnery, mines, explosives, or whatever it may be, can often get a position on leaving the Service with one of the great firms with which the Government deals for its supplies of war materials, such as Armstrong's or Vickers-Maxim's. Nor is it in the Government's interest to dissuade these men from taking situations which assist the firms to give the Government just what it requires. The salaries are high, but they are not for the ordinary officer of the Line. He is stranded, with no work and little income, at a comparatively early age, and this probably is the most powerful reason for the Army's unpopularity.

FISHING ON THE EAST COAST.

WE have had placed in our hands a report, dated Mid-November, 1909, dealing in an exhaustive manner with the fisheries on the East Coast of England. It is an important document, and discusses many topics of great interest and importance. Before dealing with the condition of the fisheries at the present moment it may be well to take a general glance at the subject. The East Coast of England, with its level beaches,

extensive sands and low, crumbling cliffs, is particularly well adapted for the pursuit of the fisherman, and from time immemorial there seem to have been small groups or colonies settled at different points. They used to work with the line and net, but modern development has produced many differences and changes. The introduction of the steam trawl thirty years ago has had far-reaching consequences. At Grimsby and Hull, which are centres for trawling, the catching of fish has become



E. W. Taylor.

"A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA."

Copyright.

an almost mechanical occupation, and is carried on as work is in a factory. The vessels go out for days, and sometimes for weeks, at a time, steaming to very distant grounds, and possess an elaborate system of sending their fish to market, obtaining food, and even for having the mental requirements of their crews looked after. These trawlers are raising what is, perhaps, the most important question of all, viz., whether the sea is not being depleted of its food supply. So perfect are the mechanical devices with which they sweep the ocean floor, that scarcely anything appears to escape, and it seems beyond question that for every large fish caught for food many that are immature are destroyed.

The enterprise and vigour with which steam trawling has been conducted is proved by the immense extension of the fish supply. It has nearly doubled itself in twenty-one years. According to statistics collected by the National Sea Fisheries Protection Association the quantity of fish landed in 1888 amounted to, in round numbers, eleven and a-half million hundredweight, and the corresponding quantity in 1908 was twenty-two and a-half million hundredweight. Broadly speaking, the growth in the total catch has been continuous, though now and again slight

year a shilling. Turbot, brill, and halibut have remained about the same price throughout. The average price of plaice twenty years ago was three-halfpence to threepence per pound. The present average price is fourpence halfpenny, although it has sometimes risen to sixpence or sevenpence owing to short supply. Mackerel have dropped in price fifty per cent. in the last twenty years. Herrings fluctuate very much owing to supply. On a scarcity they do not make such high prices now as they did years ago. The demand for soles led to the introduction of what are known as Witches and Megrim (both inferior kinds), the price of which is about threepence a pound. Commoner kinds of fish have also been put on the market of late years, which were not previously sold for consumption, such as Catfish, Coalfish, Monkfish and Dogfish. The price of fish is liable to sudden and great fluctuations owing to the weather.

The fact that prices remain as high as ever, despite the increased supply, shows the great popularity of fish as part of our diet. Probably the consumption per head is greater now than it was before the Reformation, when on certain days of the week it was compulsory. It raises the question how far the supply is capable of depletion. The steam trawler has to go further and further to obtain supplies as the grounds near home are exhausted, and thoughtful men are beginning to ask how long this state of



J. C. Douglas.

THE WIND'S COMMOTION.

Copyright

breaks have occurred owing to the unfavourable character of the weather. It is noteworthy that this enormous increase in yield has been accompanied by no corresponding fall in price, the total value having just about doubled itself during the period stated, the value of the fish landed in 1888 being about five and a-half million pounds sterling, while in 1908 it was just a little more than ten and a-half millions. A few other statistical facts are of interest. For example, the importation of fish has remained practically at a standstill, but the exportation has enormously increased. The value of our fish exports in 1888 was £1,568,166, but in 1908 it had risen to £5,138,233. No doubt this is an important factor in the maintenance of prices at the old level, but a still more important one appears to be increased consumption. In regard to prices, we are indebted to Mr. Wrench Towse, the hon. secretary of the National Sea Fisheries Protection Association, for the following interesting note:

Twenty years ago soles cost eightpence to one and sixpence per pound. Now they run from one and twopence to one and eightpence. The average price of salmon during the months of June, July, and August twenty years ago was a shilling per pound. Last year it was one and twopence, and this

things can last, and if it be possible to prepare for the harvest of the sea as we do for that of the land. Considerations such as these have stimulated research. The natural history of sea-fishes is even yet very imperfectly understood. Fishes perform the various functions of life under a screen of water which effectually prevents that close and accurate observation which can be applied to organisms that work out their life history on the dry land. But in some respects their characteristics are analogous to those of the better-known birds. Some appear to reside within a comparatively narrow locality, others to wander and many to migrate. On the East Coast, particularly at Lowestoft in Suffolk and Seahouses on the Northumbrian Coast, stations have been established at which highly interesting experiments have been made for the purpose of ascertaining with exactitude a knowledge of habits so important to the fishing industry. When these are more advanced and the results digested and arranged, they promise to effect very considerable modifications of the existing text-books. Light ought also to be thrown on the breeding habits of some species of fish by the expedition to the North Atlantic which is being carried out



M. Emil Frechon.

"AHOY, THERE!"

Copyright.

under the Norwegian flag, but with the generous financial help of an Englishman. If there be taken into consideration the vast and incalculable quantity of spawn that is wasted for every fish arriving at maturity, the stocking and cropping of that sea which Homer describes as the "unharvested" will not appear altogether visionary, especially if the increasing resources of science are taken into account.



W. A. J. Hensler.

MOVING AS IN A DREAM.

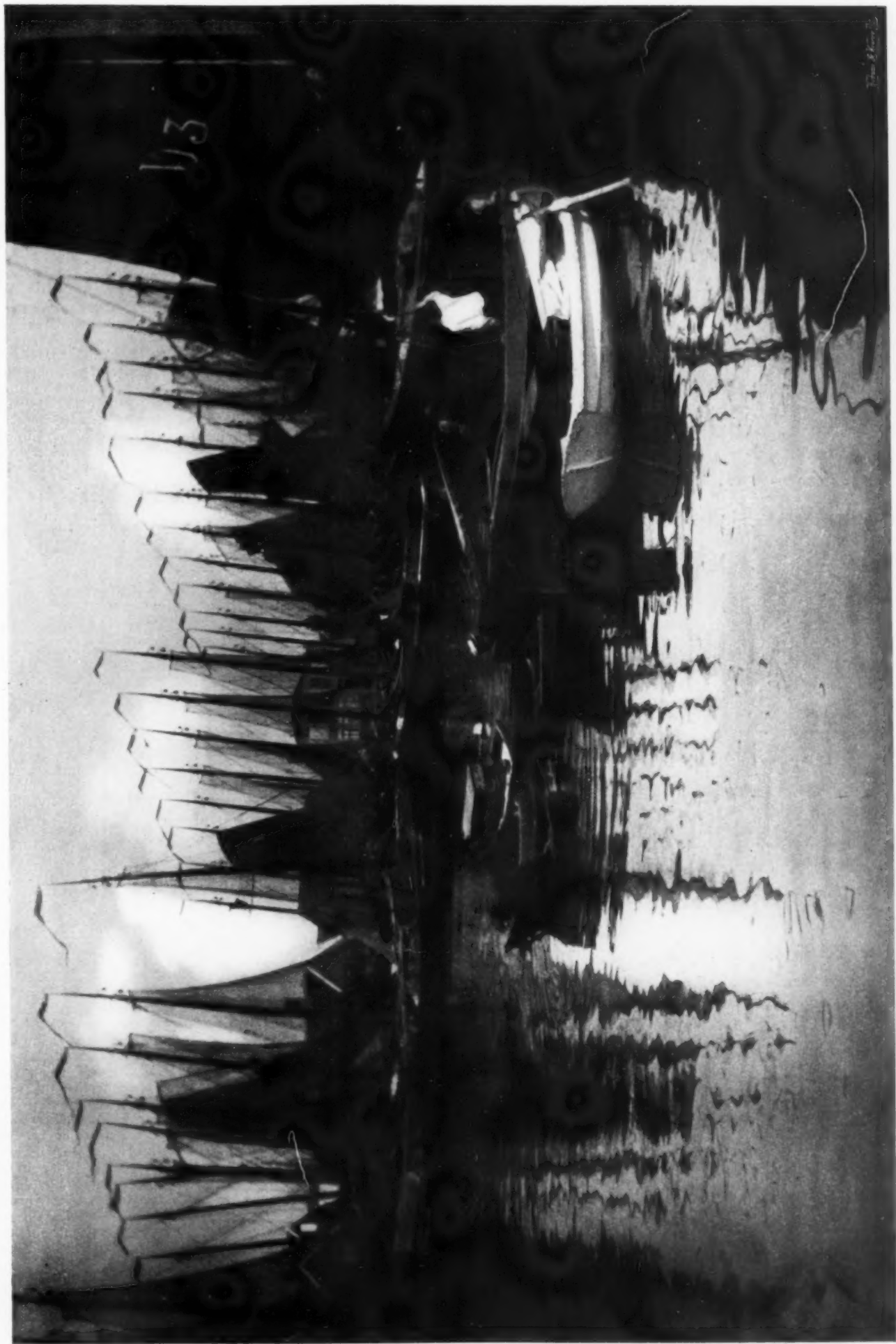
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A few facts showing the destructiveness of steam trawlers are not unworthy of attention. They were set forth by Captain Boothby in his latest quarterly report to the North-Eastern Sea Fisheries Committee, on the coast extending from Grimsby to Sunderland, and on which fish to the extent of one million five hundred and twenty-two thousand one hundred and ninety-one hundredweight had been landed in three months ending September 30th of this year. This was an increase of a hundred and

forty-one thousand six hundred and sixty-nine hundredweight, as compared with the catch for the corresponding period of 1908, but the total value realised showed a decrease of £110,679. A close examination of the figures showed that this falling off was traceable to the steam trawler, as Hull and Grimsby, while boasting an increase of sixty-four thousand four hundred and thirty-nine hundredweight, showed a decrease in value of £141,390, or £30,701 more than the whole district. Captain Boothby's explanation of the discrepancy was the probable one, that it was due "to the large quantity of poor value fish brought in by the steam-trawlers from the White Sea and northern waters, a considerable quantity of it having been sold for manure." In confirmation of this he pointed out that if Hull and Grimsby were eliminated, the fishing had taken its usual course, showing an increase in quantity of seventy-six thousand one hundred and sixty hundredweight and an increase in value of £31,110. At the same time, figures were given to show that, although it is too soon to obtain statistics for the entire season, the catch of herring and mackerel has yielded a gratifying increase of £41,417 over the corresponding quarter of last year. From the point of view of food supply there is no more interesting fish than the herring, a fish whose wanderings cannot yet be set down in any chart. It makes fishing towns by its appearance, and unmakes them by its desertion. A well-known saw says, "The herring loves the merry moonlight," and its habits are not unlike those attributed to that inconstant luminary. Sometimes a fleet of boats will seek it unavailingly for the greater part of the season, and sometimes it will be taken in such quantities that the armies of Scotch fisher-girls that come every year to such towns as Yarmouth and Lowestoft can scarcely deal with the catch.

Those who ply the net and line in the same way as their forefathers did have had a less flourishing time. From the picturesque point of view they have a peculiar interest for us. Clannish, isolated and exclusive, they have been for many generations in the habit of keeping within their own circle, and of avoiding marriage except with those of their own calling. There is a proverbial saying among the fisher-girls of the extreme North which aptly illustrates this characteristic. This is their formula for comforting a young woman who appears to be missing her chance: "Never mind, so-and-so; if you canna get a man you may get a hind." Perhaps it may be necessary to add the gloss that "man" here means fisherman, and

"hind" farm labourer. In the eyes of maids of this class there are no men except such as go down to the sea in ships, and anyone familiar with them and their surroundings cannot wonder that this is the case. The row of cottages in which they live runs along the very edge of the sea, so that at all times its moaning is heard by the hearth, and the inhabitants on stormy nights are soothed to sleep by the roaring of the wind and the recurring crash of the breakers on the beach. On fine nights



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MAGGIE BUGLASS, SUSAN, MY PRETTY JANE,
MARY ANN, SAILOR'S STAR AND BROTHERS TWAIN."

"SWIFT, PERSEVERANCE, FAITH AND WHITE FOAM,
GOOD - LUCK AND WELL - CONTENT, HOPE AND SAFE HOME,

P. G. R. Wright.

the voices they hear as they lie in bed are those of the wildfowl that pass inland to feed while their enemies are at rest. Their gossip is of great gales and deeds performed at sea; of the threadbare escape of that boat and the wreck of another. Men and women work into one another's hands. At an early age the girls have to accompany their mothers to dig for bait on the wet sand left by the receding tide. They clean and prepare the fish for food, and as they grow in years and strength learn to carry their creel to a round of customers.

We fear that this useful race must decline in the future. They are in the position of the hand weavers after the introduction of machinery into their craft. The wholesale catching of fish by steam trawlers is more lucrative and, therefore, likely to be more lasting business. At the same time, it is not probable that they will disappear suddenly or at an early period.



H. G. Brierley.

THE HERRING GIRLS.

We have already alluded to the wanderings of the tribes of the sea, and as long as there is an opportunity of having a particularly good time with mackerel, with whitebait, with sprats or with herrings, there will be enough to keep them in existence; and if the present explanation put forward by ichthyologists be correct, the visitations of fish, particularly herrings, are as likely to be capricious in the future as they

have been in the past. The idea is that the herrings and mackerel, and sprats as well, are guided by the temperature of the currents, and as this is a very changeable quantity, it follows that the routes followed must be subject to continual alteration. That is really the reason why the herring is credited with having made and unmade so many fishing communities of the East Coast.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

MR. RIDER HAGGARD'S OPTIMISM.

NOBODY in England has paid more attention to the progress of agriculture in this country than Mr. Rider Haggard; consequently, the report of the speech which he delivered at the Farmers' Club Dinner held at Bungay last week will be read with general satisfaction. When farming was on the down grade no one drew attention to the fact more effectively than the eminent novelist. He thinks that a great change has come over the prospect now. The lowest point of depression was reached, in his estimation, in the years 1900 and 1901. Now, nine years later, he is able to tell his Suffolk friends that in his opinion "agriculture has turned the corner and is once more moving in an upward direction." He is still moderate in his expectations, and was careful to say that even now a great fortune may not be expected from the land, but "he did believe, as a person of some experience, that they had left the worst behind them, and that they might reasonably hope, even in their own lifetime, that they might attain to something like the best." His advice was that they should rely chiefly on their own efforts and place no confidence whatever on anything offered them from without. The main thing for them to remember was that the old system of husbandry had passed away, and that to-day "science is yoked to the plough." On its intelligent application, and by a readiness to assimilate everything that the new era has to offer them in the way of opportunity, they have now a chance of at least earning a decent livelihood from the land.

LORD CARRINGTON'S "AT HOME."

The Minister of Agriculture, we are officially informed, will this year continue his practice of being "at home" to agricultural visitors during the week of the Smithfield Show. It has proved during the last two or three years a very excellent means of communication between the head of the Board of Agriculture and those who are engaged in the practical work of husbandry. Lord Carrington explains that it is not possible for him to accept all the invitations that he receives from all parts of the country, in each of which probably there is some question the local farmers want to ask, and the purpose will to some extent be served by those who are up in London calling on him at 4, Whitehall Place. He will hold the reception from twelve to two p.m., and from three to four p.m., on Tuesday and Thursday, December 7th and December 9th. On Monday he is intending to visit the show of the Smithfield Club, and he has accepted invitations to be present at the annual dinners of the Farmers' Club and the Central Chamber of Agriculture on Tuesday, December 7th, and of the National Farmers' Union on Wednesday, December 8th.

THE ELIMINATION OF TUBERCULOUS COWS.

A VERY interesting discussion is going on between Mr. James Sadler, secretary of the Cheshire Milk Producers' Association, and Professor Delepine, of the Manchester Health Department. It is a very healthy sign that such an argument should arise, because it shows that both the

medical men and the dairy-farmers are very keen and solicitous about the removal of tuberculous cows from the herds of the country. In regard to the necessity for this there is no difference whatever. All that Mr. Sadler contends, as far as we can judge from the report of his speech before us at the moment, is that Professor Delepine gives a wrong impression owing to his taking an average of twenty and a-half years. It is obvious that if a rapid, or even only a steady, improvement has been taking place during a period as long as that, the average will not show the condition of the herds at the present moment, but only what they were, say, seven or eight years ago. An average is a very difficult instrument to handle. Mr. Sadler shows this conclusively. In 1897-98 17·2 per cent. of the samples taken at the arriving station proved to be tuberculous. In 1907-08 the percentage was only 7·3. It will be seen that if these two years be added together and divided by two, the average comes out at about 12½ per cent. In regard to the farms supplying milk the percentage ten years ago, from 1897 to 1902, was about 28 per cent. In 1903-04 the percentage dropped to 19·2 and in 1907 to 5·7. Looking at the figures in this way, we can see that there must have been an enormous improvement in the quality of the milk sent from Cheshire; but no one would suspect that to be the case from looking merely at the averages drawn up from a long series of years. In regard to this, our readers may be interested to know that Professor Simpson has written for us a most able and, in its way, exhaustive article on tuberculosis in animals

comes to about the same amount. The yield should be about a ton and a-quarter at £23. The best crops are usually from the plantations between three and seven years old. The plantations last between ten and fifteen years if the land is suitable. Gooseberries cost less to plant, about the same as raspberries to cultivate, and are regarded as the hardiest and most regular bearers of our fruits. The following is an interesting note on pruning gooseberries: "The system of pruning in commercial plantations in Kent is based on the principle that the younger wood bears the largest and greatest number of berries, also that space between the boughs is necessary for convenience in picking and affording light for the production and development of the fruit. The boughs are not usually spur-pruned, though the tips of boughs are shortened and the older boughs cut out so as to keep the bushes with strong young wood. Suckers coming up from the ground or from stems are broken off with the suckering iron, which discourages their growing again, which would happen if pruned by knife." The cost of planting red currants comes out at close on £20, and the annual cost of cultivation per acre is £15 16s. The following is an interesting note on this: "The red currant is almost always grown as a bush on a 'leg' or main stem, with four or five branches often forking at a short distance into two. As the fruit buds are formed close against the older wood, the pruning consists in spur-pruning all the young shoots, and shortening the leading shoot, leaving about one-third of its length. The tendency is to grow red currants with longer boughs than formerly, and thereby get more fruit."



M. Arbuthnot

PULLING ROOTS.

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and in men, which we hope to publish in our next issue. The subject is not altogether a palatable one for a Christmas Number.

SMALL-FRUIT-GROWING IN KENT.

In the current number of the *Journal of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries*, Mr. Cecil H. Hooper writes a most practical and instructive article on "Small fruit growing in Kent." He deals with raspberries, gooseberries and red and black currants, but leaves out strawberries, because the system pursued in Kent is the same as that in Hampshire, which was described in a previous issue. Of course, the first essential is a good soil, and in any case it is generally treated in this manner: "For strawberries, raspberries and bush fruit on arable land, the best practice consists in applying some thirty tons of dung per acre, then ploughing seven inches deep with three or four horses, following each furrow with a heavy brake drawn by two horses to subsoil the ground, stirring it some four or five inches deeper." The process is equivalent to trenching and less expensive. Next the fruits are taken separately, beginning with the raspberry. Superlative and Hornet are the favourite varieties to-day. We are told the suckers, or "spawn," should be planted out in land well cleaned, well manured and deeply worked. The planting is done from November to the end of February. In the case of a shallow-rooting shrub like the raspberry, one would have thought that the deep cultivation was not so necessary. The cost of forming a raspberry plantation is given at about £20 an acre, and the annual cost of cultivation

Nut plantations thrive well in the neighbourhood of Maidstone and Wrotham. "They are said to commence to be remunerative at about six years old, to be at their best production from about the fifteenth to fiftieth year, to yield on an average seven cwt. or eight cwt. per acre, worth about £30 per ton, and on suitable soil to last sixty years and upwards."

THE MONEY-LENDER AND THE SMALL HOLDER.

How the small holder fails was brought out by a case heard before Mr. Justice Darling last Saturday. The story is one that should be published throughout the length and breadth of the country as a warning against the private usurer, and an advertisement for land banks, or some other co-operative institutions. The plaintiff in the case was a Cheshire farmer who had gone to a money-lender to borrow £60. He was promised this sum on condition that he signed three promissory notes for £40 each, which seems a fairly good reward for the money-lender to begin with; but as £3 were deducted for expenses, and only £57 sent, it will be seen that it was what they call in the City "dear money." Mr. J. B. Matthews, who appeared for the plaintiff, described the rate of interest as being between 600 and 800 per cent., and Mr. Justice Darling in the end gave judgment for the plaintiff for £57, the amount received by the defendant, with interest at the rate of 50 per cent., and costs. This sort of thing used to be much more prevalent formerly than it is now; but it goes to show that there are many country people who are as little children in the hands of the astute professors of money-lending. We all know that capital is necessary to

carry on the work of agriculture, but surely means ought to be provided whereby it could be procured on reasonable terms.

NOVEMBER ON THE FARM.

During November the weather on the farm has been more seasonable than we have had it for some time past. Even the hard frost received a welcome as a change from the everlasting rain which had reduced so much soil to the consistency of mud, and rendered it absolutely impossible to go on with the ordinary winter tasks. It is to be feared that the area of wheat sown this autumn will be one of the smallest on record, in spite of all the talk there has been of its expansion. Winter ploughing has not been done to the extent that good farmers think desirable, and even such tasks as carrying out manure have fallen into arrears, because the fields and lanes have been practically impassable. In many places the potatoes have not yet been gathered, although they must have been considerably endangered by the frost. We are glad to know, however, that the disease which was menacing them in the early part of the year has not turned out so badly as was at one time predicted. In the few open days that occurred at the end of the month a great deal was done in the way of putting the turnips and other roots into clamps for the winter. Cattle and sheep have not done so badly. They are still able to pick up something from the pastures, though it has little feeding quality in it. For the moment the eyes of the farmers are turned to the fat stock shows, and a large number are preparing for the annual trip to London of which Smithfield Show is made the occasion. Although the average tenant does not consider it a profitable business to go in for

farmers) should co-operate and supply the public themselves. One speaker reminded the meeting that foreign mutton could now be bought in this country at threepence to fourpence per pound, omitting, however, to point out that these prices were those which the butchers were paying in wholesale transactions while charging about double to their customers. Another said that Scotch mutton always commanded top price in London markets, and that complaints had reached him from friends in London of the difficulty they found in getting good mutton. It was pointed out that they could not do much without help from outside in the way of direct supply; but the discussion was adjourned and we may hear more of this suggested movement. While these Scotch farmers are thus cautiously feeling their way, a large farmer in Sussex, with several thousands of acres stocked with Southdowns, is taking the bull by the horns and turning butcher on his own account. He proposes to supply residents in the South Coast watering-places, and, if he does not mind the trouble and work involved, I do not see why he should not succeed. It would, I think, be a tactical error to invest large sums at first in the enterprise, because anything like a serious movement would soon force the butchers to lower their charges and thus greatly increase consumption. Temporary slaughter-houses costing little would answer the purpose as well as elaborate buildings, which might prove white elephants.

CURRENT AND PROSPECTIVE WHEAT VALUES.

One of the worst features of the present cereal year has been the disastrous predicament in which needy farmers have been placed by being compelled to thresh and sell wheat in damp condition. The fall in the average value of 10s. to 12s. per quarter as soon as the new crop appeared



SWINGING ALONG THE ROAD.

fattening cattle, he is always glad to see what can be produced from the best establishments in the country. They at least give him an idea of what he should aim at. Moreover, as recent shows have demonstrated, there is a growing desire on the part of the small farmer to compete in the classes for smaller animals, which are now very popular features of the chief exhibitions.

THE COMING SMITHFIELD SHOW.

Smithfield Show opens on December 6th. This will be the one hundred and eleventh exhibition that has been held, and the meeting is as much in favour as ever. It is the testing-ground on which the verdicts given at the other shows of fat stock—Norwich, Birmingham and the Scottish centres—are subjected to careful revision. The entries this year are quite up to the average, comprising as they do 293 head of cattle, 140 pens of sheep and 141 pens of pigs. For the carcass competition, 20 cattle, 77 sheep and 26 pigs are entered. The table of poultry always forms a conspicuous feature at this show, and this year there are 212 entries. All that is wanted, then, to ensure the show enjoying its usual success is a return of the Christmas weather that visited us at the beginning of November. A little snow on the ground and a touch of frost in the air will not be objected to by the robust country people, who make of this event one of the pleasantest holidays of the year.

SHEEP CHEAP BUT MUTTON DEAR.

There was a very interesting discussion at a meeting on November 18th, at Dalkeith, on the discrepancy in the present prices of sheep and those of mutton. The chairman said that butchers were killing the trade by their high charges to the consumer; while other speakers suggested that they (the

on the market was chiefly caused by the dampness of the samples and poor quality compared with that of the old wheat. Had this year's wheat been as well harvested as it is in ordinary seasons, it is certain that the official average would not have fallen more than 5s. per quarter, and the minimum would have been about 35s. The exceptionally dry weather of November has partially remedied matters, and recent threshings have been making a little more money. It would be an enormous boon to small farmers and those working on insufficient capital if corn in stack could be made legal security for money advanced on it, so that it could be held till it was in marketable condition. Meanwhile it is a generally held opinion at the moment that prices in the spring will return to last summer's level. At any rate, the condition must improve, and wheat would, therefore, pay for keeping, even if there was no advance in the market quotations for dry samples.

MILK V. BEEF.

The Bedfordshire Farmers' Club have been discussing the question as to which pays the farmer best—milk or beef; and a paper was read on the subject which seems calculated to exalt unduly the merits of the former or, at any rate, to depreciate those of the latter in a very sweeping manner. The argument was supported by the following figures, which, as far as they apply, are doubtless correct enough. It was shown that a bullock stalled for sixteen weeks costs £6 in food and attendance, and that in that time it would only put on beef to the value of £6 10s., leaving only the manure and 10s. for profit. Against this was placed the cost of keeping a dairy cow for a year and her returns for milk, which showed a clear profit of £6. The comparison is scarcely a fair one, because beef can be far more economically

produced on the pastures for six months out of the twelve. Grass feeding, except in certain districts, is not carried out to the best advantage in this country; but if farmers would not expect quite so much from the grass alone,

but would supplement it with half a full winter ration of cake per day, they would find a handsome increase in the price when bullocks were marketed which would far more than pay for the cake consumed. A. T. M.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

It is to be expected of Mr. J. G. Millais that he will give us many another good book on natural history yet before he has finished the story; but he has done, perhaps, in his special way, more than any other man already. That way is the interpreting to the ordinary man, who looks at the animals as he passes by, their moods, expressions, actions and beauties as they are revealed of first experience only to the man who has sat down and made them the devoted study of his life, studying them with the eye not of the skilled student of natural history alone, but also that of the trained draughtsman, so that he is able to catch and convey to paper (and so to the careless and blind eyes) the movements that are most striking and most illustrative. He is the interpreter thus to the populace, as his father, Sir Everett Millais, was of the beauty of landscape in such a painting, for example, as his "Murthly Moss."

Mr. Millais's service in the cause of natural history is in the main popular—it is none the worse for that—but he has all the science that is necessary for his very pleasant task, and is thorough, in that he can lie for hours observing the herd of red deer in Warnham Park, can fill the dwelling-rooms of his house with such companions



COMMON PHEASANT.

From a drawing by Archibald Thorburn.

as bats and shrews, which are not esteemed good society by everybody, and travel to far parts of the earth to make acquaintance with the beasts of the Rocky Mountains or to inspire a "Breath of the Veldt."

His equipment, therefore, as artist and natural historian in one, is singularly complete, and thus gifted he has come to the latest task of undertaking a volume, only to be described by that rather hackneyed word, sumptuous, entitled *The Natural History of British Game Birds* (Longmans, Green and Co.). The coloured plates are admirable, and a credit not only to the original artists, but to the art of the reproducer likewise. It is to the shooting-man principally that the fine book makes its appeal. As a rule the shooter is not exceedingly well informed about the birds which fall to his skill, though there are notable exceptions; but he is always ready to learn about the subject, when it is presented to him in an easy way. It is Mr. Millais's merit, as a writer who understands his audience, that he has contrived, with pen as well as pencil and brush, to convey information about the game-birds in an interesting fashion. No man will be alarmed by the technicalities; if it were to be regarded only as a child's picture-book, it would be one to place, for the gorgeousness of its colours,



MONGOLIAN PHEASANT.

From a drawing by Archibald Thorburn.

in every smoking-room of every country house (the game-birds themselves are such smart people), and yet it can all be trusted as true to fact, which is, after all, a comforting reflection.

Considering what a big family is that of the game-birds, it is remarkable how few species make the sum of what we shoot. Of course, there have been, as Mr. Millais notes, introductions of various exotics into our coverts. Splendid fellows they are, and some pose splendidly for Mr. Millais and Mr. Thorburn—the Golden, the Argus, the Reeves's, the Japanese, the Mongolian and many more kinds of pheasant that we have tried. The tragedy is that we have found so large a percentage wanting. The last named above, the Mongolian, crossing very freely with the bird which has been here so long that we call it native, is the only one that is really satisfactory. Mr. Millais does justice in the text to the fine qualities, as a sporting bird, of the hybrid, and gives beautiful pictures of the pure-bred Mongolian.



THE COURTSHIP OF THE GROUSE.

From a drawing by J. G. Millais.

We have the pheasant, the partridge (of two kinds), the grouse (we cannot term the lately imported rhyer more than a local variety), the ptarmigan, which hardly counts, and the black-game (in these days the quail deserves no mention) to complete the game-bird list as generally understood.

It is rather to be regretted that neither Mr. Millais nor Mr. Thorburn has given us a picture of the half-bred Mongolian crossed with our colchicus or torquatus. This is really an omission, in face of the fact that this hybrid has now established itself as, in the opinion of many, the best bird our coverts can hold. Then we should like to have seen that cross between the blackcock and the female capercaillie, which often happens when the enterprising ladies of the capercaillie family lead the way to a new district and their own lords are laggard in following. Mr. Millais has a fine picture of the "caper" making his call, and evidently knows the great bird well, though he recommends a rather lighter charge as best for shooting him than we should

have suggested. He is also unorthodox in questioning the readiness of the wounded old "caper" to engage in battle with any human foe who goes to finish him off, basing his doubt, as it seems, on a bird which apparently had routed the late Sir William Harcourt, but would show no fight at all to Mr. Millais himself. Perhaps this bird was politically prejudiced. We should have liked a few more of the author's charming pictures of his birds in action, such as the blackcock at their mimic war-game. To one illustration we must take exception—to one feature of it at least. In that "Red-legged Partridges Rising" a covey is seen rising into the air of which all the birds have their wings spread at just the same angle to the air, both those that have risen a little and those that have risen far, and each bird is at just equal distance from each of its neighbours, as in a pattern, so that it is reminiscent rather of the drilled flight of wild geese, so arranging themselves as to avoid chance of wing collision, than of a covey of partridges, be they English or French, rising off the land.

Thus, like other human things, this book does not seem to us to be above all criticism. But it can endure criticism better than most things of its kind and is entitled to the remark that no country house library can afford to be without it. It ought to give the shooter who is not yet a great naturalist much added interest in the birds he shoots, and will tell him all he needs to know so far as their story goes.

For permission to reproduce the accompanying illustrations we desire to thank the artists, Mr. A. Thorburn and Mr. J. G. Millais, as well as to acknowledge the courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.

EAST AFRICAN WILDS.

In the Grip of the Nyika, by Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Patterson, D.S.O. (Macmillan and Co., Limited.)

ALL those who have a pleasant recollection of "The Man-Eaters of Tsavo," and that means everyone who came across the book, will turn to its successor, which tells of further adventures in British East Africa, with the conviction that it will contain something well worth their perusal. They will not be disappointed. In the book before us, Colonel Patterson writes in the same manly and good style of which he showed his mastery in the previous volume, and the things he has to relate are at least, equally exciting. The meaning of "Nyika," it may be useful to state at once, is the wilderness of East Africa. He started on the expedition on October 10th, 1907, sailing for Mombasa, whence he took train to Nairobi, the capital of the country. A glance at Tsavo enables him to relate two further stories of the man-eaters that had been omitted from the previous book. They are very gruesome. Several excellent chapters are devoted to his adventures in a preliminary expedition. It was on January 21st that he started out on what he properly calls "an eventful and disastrous expedition." There was an adventure almost at the beginning of it which will compete with anything we have read. It occurred at the stream called Angara Suguroi. On arrival there the party found that two or three lions had been there and had killed and partly eaten an eland. They decided, therefore, to build a *shoma* within four yards of the dead eland, so that when the lions returned to their kill there might be an opportunity of shooting them. In addition a steel trap powerful enough to hold a lion for a second or two was set on the dead body. The lions came back sure enough in the darkness. One of them was so close to Colonel Patterson that "when he stealthily put down his paw, after holding it poised in the air for what seemed to me like an eternity, he actually stepped on the dry leaves which had fallen from the branches of the *shoma*, and these now rustled as he placed his foot on them, not a yard from where I sat." One of the men unfortunately made a

noise, and the animal disappeared. It came back in the course of an hour or so, however, accompanied by two of its mates. The rustling of their bodies could be plainly heard through the low bushes, as well as the purrs and fierce snarls to which they gave vent as they approached their prey, evidently with the object of scaring away whatever might be in the vicinity. We cannot do better than give the exact words in which the end of the adventure is told: "Finally the eland was reached and then began a mighty rending of meat and crunching of bones, followed by vicious purrs and low, savage growls, which were enough to make the stoutest heart quail. We had agreed that no one should fire until the lions had settled well down to their meal, so that we might have a better opportunity of making out their position and getting in a deadly shot. The brutes could not remove the kill, because I had taken the precaution of roping the body firmly to some stout trees, against which it practically rested. All at once one of the lions put his foot into the trap, and the moment the steel jaws closed on him there was a loud and startled growl which told me that we must act instantly. My companions all this time were eagerly and impatiently awaiting my signal, so when I called out

'Fire' we all three blazed away into the darkness, aiming as well as we could for the lions. At once there was a tremendous chorus of growls and fierce grunts, accompanied by the furious lashing and plunging of the lion that was caught in the trap, which was only strong enough to hold him for a moment or two. The commotion was so terrific that I greatly feared the enraged animal was making for our *shoma*, where, in the darkness, he would make but short work of us. To add to the general noise and confusion, both our gun-bearers discharged their rifles, crying out that the lions were about to burst into our enclosure through the flimsy bushes they were guarding at the rear. Altogether, what with growling lions, shouting natives, and belching rifles, the din for a minute or so was appalling." One of the lions had been hit, but it was able to crawl away and was not recovered. Excellent sport was enjoyed along the Guaso Narok. In the course of relating it Colonel Patterson throws out the hint that the zebra ought to be domesticated in East Africa. It is a country where camels, horses, mules and donkeys cannot live owing to the tsetse fly, and there are no railways, roads, or navigable rivers to speak of. He regards the experiments that have already been made in taming zebras as being only half-hearted; but his opinion is that if adequate trial were made of the Grévy zebra, the problem of transport would be solved. The British public does not know how much it has spent in transport on East Africa during the last ten years. Many mishaps overtook the party, the greatest being the accidental shooting of one of Colonel Patterson's companions with a revolver, which he kept under his pillow. As the expedition was an official one, it had to be continued; but no sooner had he decided this than he was confronted by a mutiny of the *safari*.

LEGAL GOSPEL.

Reminiscences of a K.C., by Thomas Edward Crispe. (Methuen.)

SO perfectly does the clever photograph which forms the frontispiece of this book represent the ideal barrister, so absolutely does the legend below suit the shrewd, suave face under its neat wig, that it leads the reader to guess at once that Mr. Crispe had some training as an actor before entering upon his brilliant legal career. His early reminiscences begin at the Coronation of Queen Victoria in 1838. On that occasion, as a boy of five, he rode the "Hottentot Venus" round the arena: "I plied a toy whip on the flanks of my beautiful jade who screaming with laughter raced me round the arena." For several chapters his talk is of actors and actresses, literary men and literary women—of Thackeray and Fanny Kemble and Miss Glynn, of Toole and Henry Russell and T. P. Cooke, Macready, Kean, Phelps and the other stars and figures of the Early Victorian epoch. He remembers well the wild London of that time when Pierce Egan was not forgotten and Theodore Hook was still in his glory. Leicester Square was then in something the reverse of glory. It was the day of "Poses Plastiques" and shows even more unlicensed, of the scurrilous "Town" newspaper and of "night dens" where what was called "life" could be witnessed. The Argyle Room, the Holborn Casino, Caldwell's Dancing Rooms, the Cider-Cellars were then flourishing, but were addicted to a class of entertainment now practically swept away. Of Mr. Crispe's anecdotes relating to Bohemia we select the following as being fresh to us, although some of our readers may have heard it before. It relates to Compton the actor, who when on tour went to the chief hotel of a certain town and asked if there was an ordinary. In the hotel at the time, the waiter, on being asked, told Compton the bishop of the diocese was giving a lunch, and the actor, looking extremely respectable, managed to be placed on the bishop's left. He was considerably embarrassed when his lordship asked him to say grace, for, as may be imagined, this was not a usual preliminary to the eating of Mr. Compton. After a moment's reflection he exclaimed, in a fine cathedral voice, "Oh Lord, open thou our lips, and our mouths shall show forth Thy praise."

Naturally, however, the greater part of the book is taken up with reminiscences of advocates, judges and cases. Mr. Crispe has a circuit wit, which is equivalent to saying that he has a full command of those anecdotes which have brightened dull cases or at the bar mess "set the table in a roar." Yet the success of some of this wit lay in time, circumstances and delivery. Like the graces of the actor it refuses embodiment in cold print. Mr. Crispe's book is lively and entertaining to a degree, but the pleasure one gets from it is more that derived from a companion who has a light and amusing point of view than that of one who has many unforgettable jests to draw upon. And it is not all flippancy, or, rather, under a flippant, easy air, Mr. Crispe gives the younger men of his profession much advice that is pointed by a very clear intellect and a sound judgment.

PICTURED PROVERBS.

The Fables of Æsop, illustrated with drawings in colour by Edward J. Detmold. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

IT is impossible that the fables of Æsop should ever have been reproduced in a more sumptuous form than has been chosen for them here; in fact, the pictures are the book. The text of the famous parables is that of the third edition of Sir Roger L'Estrange's translation (1699)—that is, for the greater part. Separate fables are taken from other translations, with reference to their origin in each case. Perhaps it might be thought that a book of this kind would have been more suitably illustrated with character studies, as the fables really attach to many of the animals a character that has clung to them ever since. We cannot endorse that criticism after looking over the pages. There is character in the sketches, but it is not over-emphasised or accentuated. It seems to be made subsidiary to the scheme of colour. If, for example, we take the picture illustrating "The Monkey and the Fishermen"—for which the fable runs as follows: "A Monkey was sitting up in a high tree, when, seeing some Fishermen laying their nets in a river, he watched what they were doing. The Men had no sooner set their nets and retired a short distance to their dinner, than the Monkey came down from the tree, thinking he would try his hand at the same sport. But in attempting to lay the nets he got so entangled in them, that, being well-nigh choked, he was forced to

exclaim: 'This serves me right, for what business had I, who knew nothing of fishing, to meddle with such tackle as this?'"—we find a contemplative monkey sitting on an outstretched branch of a tree, while the fishermen are walking away from their nets below. It is difficult to say whether the charm of this picture lies in the good draughtsmanship or in the delicate colouring. The effect is perfect, whatever may be the cause of it.

The gracefulness with which many of the creatures are depicted is most noteworthy. The snake, for example, in Fable XVII., "The Wasp and the Snake," is curled into natural spirals that would not offend the eye of the naturalist, and yet could only be produced by an artist. The cranes in the fifteenth fable are equally satisfactory. In general we like those pictures best which are most lightly coloured. The owl in the twenty-third fable and the monkey in "The Monkey and the Dolphin" offer a contrast, but do not seem to us so fine as those we have mentioned. There is a delicacy in such a picture as "The Ants and the Grasshopper" that is most satisfactory.

A GENTLEMAN KEEPER.

Ten Years of Gamekeeping, by Owen Jones. (Edwin Arnold.)

MR. OWEN JONES tells us that in early life he had a choice of entering a bank or of going into the church. He chose in preference to take a gamekeeper's job at fifteen shillings a week. Not the least remarkable of his achievements was that by careful management he managed to live on this sum, and felt quite rich when it was raised by three shillings. The calling was suited to his previous training and temperament. He had been brought up in the country in an atmosphere of sport. One of the chief delights of his boyhood had been to follow the gamekeeper on his rounds. Still, in being a paid servant there are small drawbacks to one who has been brought up as a gentleman. In his new capacity he had at times to appear in the field as a menial where there were guests. He ignored them absolutely. The ready "Yes-sir" and "No-sir," accompanied by a touch of the hat, with which the gamekeeper receives orders, he could not acquire. Conceivably any man might retain his self-respect with the reflection that he wins his livelihood by honest labour. "Honest men," according to a well-known saying, "are the gentlemen of nature." But would this pride survive the taking of a tip? Our author's reference to his first tip is as follows: "He thrust a five-shilling piece into my hand, whereat I felt so opulent that in spite of so great an increase to an already heavy load, my boots felt like pumps for the rest of the day." Later on he devotes a chapter to the subject. There he argues fairly enough that the gamekeeper without tips would be under-paid. "I think it would be an excellent plan if keepers, on leaving a berth, confessed to their late employer the average annual total of their tips; then when the new man is being engaged he could be given a precise idea of the combined value of his emoluments." As to the amount, his remarks tend to dissipate the notion that it is large. "He is a fortunate keeper who picks up a sovereign at the close of an ordinary day's shooting." His estimate is that ten pounds is about the average sum received by a keeper in the course of the season. The sporting public has cause for gratitude to Mr. Owen Jones, who carried into the office of gamekeeper a naturally intelligent mind and an education very superior to that usually enjoyed by members of the class, and hence is able to discuss the various problems connected with shooting and gamekeeping in a highly intelligent manner. His chapters on pheasants, partridges, hares, rabbits, wood-pigeons, wildfowl, beaters, stops and many other subjects combine the practical knowledge of the gamekeeper with that of the preserver also. We cannot go into his themes in detail just now, but can recommend the reader to turn to the chapter headed "Odds and Ends" for some very entertaining reading. The following, for example, is a curious piece of information about wild honey: "A bricklayer who kept bees went into a wood to pick some nuts; he returned, and took sixty odd pounds of honey from an old oak-stump within a few yards of the road. When we were rabbiting, my mate and I went over practically every yard of the woods, and we found it paid to examine every stump. The most honey we ever found in one stump was twenty-seven pounds; but most years we got a useful supply—sharing the honey, and my mate having the wax for straining the honey."

THE SUCCESSOR OF JEFFERIES.

The South Country, by Edward Thomas. (Dent.)

A PUBLISHER'S phrase is not to be taken too seriously even when it has the approval of the author; but the use, in the first page of this book, of the words placed at the head of this notice has a note of challenge. Mr. Thomas has the point in common with Jefferies that he cannot tell a story well, and has not the dramatic gift which, when two people meet, divines the appropriate thing for them to say and the natural way of doing it. In the course of his wanderings, Mr. Thomas witnesses a chance encounter in a railway carriage between two sailors. His report of the dialogue, leaving out the description, runs as follows: "'Well I never did, and how are you, Harry?' 'When did you leave the old place?' 'Some time after you did yourself, Harry; just after the shipwreck of the White Swan; twenty-one, twenty-two—yes, twenty-two years ago,' and so on in a dull, uninspired run of commonplace, without even a salient expression to make us feel that a sailor and no other had said it. This is what we call a very bad narrative style. Yet in what is suitable to his genius, Mr. Thomas is an exceptionally good writer. He has taste and skill in the manipulation of words and a fine intelligence, too. But in the end the book is found to be a bizarre combination. He has not constructed it according to any formal plan. A Welshman who has wandered much in the English shires, he discourses mostly in broad general terms of Surrey and Sussex, Wiltshire and Hampshire. Up his sleeve and ready to be displayed at a moment's notice is a tirade against towns. He studies maps in order to avoid them. Even cathedrals are "incomprehensible and not restful." His misanthropic old man finds in the people of a new suburb, an incomprehensible riddle, "a mysterious black-livered host, the grandchildren of peers, thieves, gutter-snipes, agricultural labourers, artisans, shopkeepers, professional men, farmers, foreign financiers." His young man spends the winter toiling and saving in town that he

may escape when the fine weather comes and earn his livelihood in the open air. The picture drawn by Mr. Thomas of one whom he calls "the simplest, kindest and perhaps the wisest of men" deserves attention as an example of the gossip sketches in which he revels and as revealing some of his ideals. He has seen a heifer slaughtered in affecting circumstances, and is a vegetarian. "He ate no meat but made no attempt to proselytize. . . . The birds and the flowers and the creeping and running things he seemed to regard as little happy, charming, undeveloped human beings, looking down on them with infinite tenderness, and a little amusement; with them alone he was quite at home. Nature, as she presented herself to his simple senses, was but a fragrant, many-coloured, exuberant, chiefly joyous community, with which most men were not in harmony. Silent for days and thinking only 'green thoughts' under the branches of the wood, he came to demand, unconsciously, that there should be such a harmony. But he loved Nature also because she had no ambiguity, told no lies, uttered no irony. Sitting among flowers by running water he wore an expression of blessed satisfaction with his company which is not often seen at the friendliest table. He drew no Philosophy from Nature, no opinions, ideas, proposals for reform, but only the wisdom to live, happily, and healthily, and simply, himself." There are many equally eloquent passages in this curious book, which is pretty certain to interest the few, though, for obvious reasons, it is never likely to appeal to the many.

THE ROSE.

Rose-growing Made Easy, by E. T. Cook. (COUNTRY LIFE Library).

IN this extremely useful handbook even the rose-grower of long experience will probably find many useful hints, while to the beginner it will prove invaluable. The chapters on Soils and Planting and Pruning, in particular, should be carefully read before the roses are bought if the tyro would escape the difficulties that confront the beginner when he tries to put his theories into practice, and in order that in due season the chapter on Exhibiting may be read with a personal interest. Should he require any guidance in making a selection, he will find a list of over five hundred varieties given, with their colours and individual directions for pruning. The list is divided into sections under various headings, such as: Best climbers for east, west, north and south walls; hedges, pillars, arches, roses for bedding, etc., and these sections are again divided into early, medium and late bloomers. Diseases are fully discussed, also various methods of propagating and of planting in a manner that will display the flowers to the fullest advantage. A point which enthusiasts are apt to overlook, especially when growing for exhibition purposes, is perfume, and this has led to a tendency to grow for form and colour alone, to the elimination of the rose's greatest charm. The author, lamenting that so many of the beautiful new hybrids are lacking in this respect, gives a list of roses, old and new, which have fragrance, so that even the beginner can be sure of not being led by the unlenient beauty of many of the exhibition varieties into filling his garden with scentless bloom, unless he prefers to do so. It is curious that an age which has succeeded in fixing the elusive perfume of the single peony, and in augmenting that of the violet and mignonette, should have ignored this point in our national flower, until, though grown more widely than ever before for its loveliness, it has almost ceased to be regarded as a contributor to the fragrance of the garden.

A SHORT DAY'S WORK.

Leaves, by Violet Clarke, with a preface by Sir George Sydenham Clarke, G.C.M.G. (London: Heinemann.)

THE reviewer never has a more delicate and difficult task than when he sets himself to criticise the work of one whose pen is "for ever laid down." He may not use the word promising, even of a book which displays such unusual ability, such evidence of a fresh and eager intelligence, as the one before him, since all there is of promise in these pages is already fulfilled. In this little volume, *Leaves*, Sir George Clarke, the present Governor of Bombay, has edited a selection of the essays written by his only daughter, Miss Violet Clarke, whose death in Bombay occurred last March. Some of them have already appeared in the *Westminster Gazette*, the *Empire Review* and other periodicals. The simple and dignified preface, which Sir George has contributed to the book, bears the date of June, 1909, showing that he lost no time in taking up the task, at once sad and proud, of giving his daughter's work to the world. And in so doing he has given to the public some details of her last few months of life spent in India, and dedicated by her to works of charity among the poor and suffering, and has revealed her noble dream of drawing "the races together in the bonds of the sympathy which she sought to diffuse." The tribute of an Indian official to a native State is a touching one: "No European lady was so beloved within the memory of the oldest of us. Certainly she was the greatest ambassador ever sent by England to India, and she did much as a peace-maker at a particularly bad crisis." The glamour of the East quickly possessed her, and had she lived she would undoubtedly have made an important contribution to Anglo-Indian literature. Always perfectly mature and finished, her work has a clear cameo-like quality, a delicate individual charm, a sudden irrepressible sense of humour, an outlook upon life that is always philosophic and sometimes wistful. She possessed, too, something of what Mr. Symonds has called the "fatal speed of those who are to die young, that disquieting completeness and knowledge, that absorption of a life-time in an hour, which we find in those who hasten to have done their work before noon, knowing that they will not see the evening." "In a Dream City" was written only a few days before her fatal illness supervened, and we find in it an arresting beauty of description, a maturity, a tenderness which contrasts with the gay, cynical philosophy of the earlier sketches. "In a massive block of the palace where the walls are pierced at rare intervals by slits of windows, is the Zenana, where the ladies are so strictly secluded that they maintain *purdah* even against their own sex and have never yet been seen by any European woman. They claim to belong to the oldest family in the world, for the Maharanas of Udaipur are of the solar dynasty, and the proud, direct descendants of the sun. Through the narrow windows, the

women, prisoners from the outside world, gaze on the fairy lake, where the royal barges lie moored, to the green island where the delicate white structure of the Maharana's summer palace is partially hidden amongst rich vegetation; to the further shore where the wild peacocks roam at will, and to the hills beyond, which frame the lake. Do they rebel at their captivity in that beautiful prison? Are they content to live in an enchanted land shut away from the outside world, the echoes of which only reach them faintly? Who shall say? Their voices are not heard beyond the Zenana walls. They are immured for ever in fairy-land. The white courts where fountains play, the terraces with their lace-like trellis-work overlooking the lake, the cool green gardens, hidden behind the high walls, form their universe. . . . On moonlight nights, when the lake is a shimmering sheet of silver, and the sleeping city and palace shine with a soft mysterious radiance through the veil of the purple Eastern night, the Maharana sails to one of the little islands and, reclining on a marble terrace, gazes upon one of the fairest scenes on earth, or dreams the night through in a pavilion built in the wide-spreading branches of a great tree in the garden overlooking the moonlit lake." And further on: "The sun is setting on a scene of entrancing loveliness. The palace-walls glow with the reflected gold of the sky, and the still waters of the lake are pink. Slowly a soft indescribable shade of purple descends over all; the shadows of the city turn violet, and the trees in the gardens are a luminous green. The violet hues grow gradually more and more delicate, and it is now an opal city of tenderest colours that is silhouetted against a vivid opal sky." These pictures of the East, at once so vivid and delicate, are in some ways reminiscent of the writings of Lafcadio Hearn. We have only praise for this little book, which comes as a pathetic memorial of a gifted personality who had so swiftly endeared herself by the charm and grace of her sympathy to the hearts of an alien race. I. C. C.

"Hatchard's."

IT is an interesting fact that Messrs. Hatchard's rebuilt shop in Piccadilly reproduces the old No. 187 in better materials. The rebuilding in a sense ends a period and starts a new one. In the old days the bookseller's shop was used as a meeting-place similar almost to a club, a centre of political as well as literary news and gossip, the source of pamphlets and the origin of books. And in none of these respects has time entirely changed our ways. People meet naturally at a place where they may spend the waiting moments in exploring the new fields in literature and art; Mr. Humphreys, just as his predecessor was, is still consulted on books that are and books to be; and Lord Rosebery's latest pamphlet—when will that be superseded by his next?—causes as much stir as any issued by John Hatchard ever did. History is sometimes unjust to the present time.

For ourselves, we left the new books and spent a little while upstairs, or rather on the floor approached by the automatic lift. The second-hand bookshop, however splendid may be the stock, differs from the library in two ways which are as far removed as the Poles. The painful side came before us when we asked to see Sir Edward Grey's "Flyfishing" and found that it was sold. The more cheering aspect is that, as far as funds permit, we can carry away any book we have a mind to, or at least get it sent home. A real book-lover would do the former even if help should be needed in the task. Gerard's *Herbal*, Stow's *Survey*, Hasted's *Kent* drew us; but we finally sat down to the sporting books of which there is here a speciality and a mass of treasures in different editions. Scrope's "Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing," many Waltons—whose "Angler" will never be "complete" until every artist and every naturalist has had his way with him—the "Nimrod" series, many of which are reaching fancy prices: these all gave place eventually to a first edition of Beckford on Hunting, in the original boards. The passage which we copied out helped to bring a charge of cruelty against the author, which was simply but completely met in the preface to a later edition, which fortunately stood near. "First, then," says he, "as to the early hour recommended in my former letter. . . . At an early hour you are seldom long before you find. The morning is the part of the day that generally affords the best scent; and the animal himself, which, in such a case, you are more than ever desirous of killing, is then least able to run away from you. The want of rest and perhaps a full belly give hounds a great advantage over him. I expect, my friend, that you will reply to this, 'a foxhunter, then, is not a fair sportsman.' He certainly is not; and, what is more, would be very sorry to be mistaken for one. He is otherwise from principle. In his opinion, a fair sportsman, and a foolish sportsman, are synonymous: he therefore takes every advantage that he can of the fox. You will think, perhaps, that he may sometimes spoil his own sport by this: it is true, he sometimes does, but then he makes his hounds; the whole art of foxhunting being to keep the hounds well in blood. Sport is but a secondary consideration with a true foxhunter. The first is the killing of the fox: hence arises the eagerness of pursuit—chief pleasure of the chase. I confess I esteem blood so necessary to a pack of foxhounds, that, with regard to myself, I always return home better pleased with but an indifferent chase, with death at the end of it, than with the best chase possible, if it is to end with the loss of the fox. Good chases, generally speaking, are long chases; and, if not attended with success, never fail to do more harm to hounds than good. Our pleasures, I believe, for the most part, are greater during the Expectation than the Enjoyment. In this case, reality itself warrants the idea, and your present success is almost a sure forerunner of future sport." There is much truth in the position here taken up. The real thing is always better than some spurious imitation of it. Beckford's attitude may with advantage be adopted in many other of the races of life.

BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

- Trans-Himalaya, by Sven Hedin. (Macmillan.)
- Us Four, by S. MacNaughtan. (Murray.)
- The Night Side of Paris, by Edmund d'Auvergne. (Werner Laurie.)
- Golden Aphrodite, by Winifred Crispe. (Paul.)
- The Japanese Spirit, by Oka Kuna-Toshisaburo. (Constable.)
- Mighty Hunters, by Ashmore Russian. (Longmans.)

["NOVELS OF THE WEEK," ARE REVIEWED ON PAGE CLXXXII.]

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

WESTWARD HO! REVISITED.

SEVERAL of us who had not been to Westward Ho! for a good many years have been paying it a visit last week. There were Mr. Charles Hutchings, Mr. W. E. Fairlie and myself, who edit, among them, and I believe that my own absence, of between seven and eight years, was shortest of all. In the interval they have been making great alterations in the course. It has been stretched so that it is now over six thousand two hundred yards in length. A great many bunkers have been made, in most instances guarding places that before were wholly without a guard, and in others taking the place of rushes that have been done away. And, coming back with a mind free of prejudice and of the affection of old association, it has to be recognised that the sand bunker is a better hazard than the rush. The unfair inequality of punishment which the latter deals out condemns it. At the same time, I hope the authorities will not take from Westward Ho! any more of its characteristic rushes. As it is, they seem to have done just right in this respect. More would be too much.

MARVELLOUS PUTTING GREENS.

I think it is not too much to say that, coming to the old course thus, with a practically fresh eye, we beheld it "with much amazement." Either we had not realised now very good it was in the past, or else they have worked miracles in it by the late alterations. Certainly there have been miracles worked on the putting greens. It is only a few years back that these putting greens were said, in the elegant classic phrase of the golfer, to have "gone to pot." To speak in more explanatory terms, they had gone to the star plantain and the daisy—which, for golf greens, is equivalent to the devil—but they have been rescued, by incessant manual labour of boys on green after green, and on yard after yard of each green, so that now they have that beautiful links grass on them which was there originally, and which other courses, even the best, do not have, because their putting greens have now become lawns, with grass on them like the grass on croquet grounds. As Mr. Charles Hutchings said, looking at these Westward Ho! greens lovingly, "It reminds one of the grass that used to be on the old putting greens at Hoylake. And it is like the 'a' ac 'oo'—a... one kind of grass, clean of weeds and of all coarse tufts.

THE BUNKERS.

So that is beautiful, and the lies through the green are beautiful—Westward Ho! has always had a name for fair lying through the green—and the lengths of the holes are fine. There are a great many where the two good shots will give you a four, and the two that are just a little less good will only give you a five. It is testing golf. They have guarded up the putting greens with dug bunkers—at one point, the thirteenth hole, perhaps they have guarded the green a little too severely, seeing that the second to reach home has to be a long shot with the wind that is common there. A hole that is to be approached with a full shot does not need to be set about with snares as closely as one that a man gets to with his iron or mashie. There is one thing in the course that assuredly must be altered—a great big, tall, ugly bunker thrown right across the line of the second shot to the seventeenth hole. It is in the very worst style of the mid-Victorian inland bunker. The local excuse for it is that there was a ditch there and that the bunker is on the line of the ditch and that it is better than the ditch. But half the ditch could be piped. Then half the bunker could be left, and the other half of it be, as it were, thrown back some sixty yards nearer the tee. Then you would get the feature of the échelon introduced, which is good in golf, and you would remove the eyesore, which is bad both in golf and æsthetics.

POOR THIRD HOLE.

The third hole is a bad hole, though it is a little one. It is difficult because it is beset with bunkers, but it is the kind of difficulty, and of hole, that any man may make for himself who has a meadow and a spade. It is

not a hole that ought to remain where Nature has been so prodigal of golfing opportunity, and it points one great truth—that a good short hole should not be on a dead flat. This hole could easily be omitted altogether, and the course might go on from a tee not far north-west of the present second hole, and a short hole, to make the number good, be put in later on. There are acres of good golfing ground unused. From the sixth tee, seaward, would be one excellent opportunity.

"THE FINEST COURSE IN THE WORLD."

However, these are all little criticisms of detail in a whole that is gloriously good. One of our small band of pilgrims went so far as to say, "I believe this is the finest course in the world," and, with all my own affection for St. Andrews, I must say that I am not sure he was not right. I should, at least, place it second only to that Royal and Ancient links. That the amateur championship is never played there is something more than a mistake—it is a crime. Probably, it is not necessary now to dispel by argument that silly old myth about any lack of accommodation. There is only one of the championship courses where the golfer can be more conveniently lodged—again the great example, St. Andrews. I regard Westward Ho! as essentially the amateur's course still—full of surprise and interest. It has not that dead monotony of justice which appeals to those whose profession is golf. As another of our pilgrims said, "We've wasted a lot of time being away from this place so long."

JAMES BRAID.

Braid emerged last week from his winter quarters to play in an exhibition match near Gravesend. With Mr. Balfour as his partner, he played a foursome against Mr. Alfred Lyttelton and Vardon. As far as the turn all went well with the Scottish pair, who by that time had established a substantial lead. Then perhaps the strain of the Budget began to tell. At any rate, the holes began to drop away, "like snow off a dyke," till the whole of the long lead had vanished, and the match was ultimately halved. It was in the nature of a return match, since the couples had met before at the opening of the Knebworth course, when the two Englishmen gained a fairly comfortable victory. To see Braid in all his glory, one should watch him playing a foursome with a partner whose drives are a great deal more crooked than those of Mr. Balfour. The truly prodigious recoveries that he can and will make out of the most tenacious-rooted heather and the deepest pot-bunkers at Walton Heath have to be seen to be believed. Moreover, in the most light-hearted foursome he will try as if his life depended on it, and in this, as in many other things in golf, Braid teaches us all an invaluable lesson.

OXFORD AT WOKING.

Mr. Frank Mitchell led a team at Woking last Saturday very bent on checking Oxford's victorious career. The defeat of Oxford was accomplished, but only after the most strenuous struggle. An anxious gathering waited in almost

Stygian darkness round the last green for news of Mr. Tomkinson and Mr. Roulston, who were the last pair out. The match then stood all square with that one pair to play; but the Woking player showed himself a true hero, and holing a curly and critical putt on the seventeenth green, won a hard fight by two and one. Woking heaved a sigh of relief and went in to its tea.

SOME OF THE INDIVIDUAL MATCHES.

There was some quite good golf played in several of the matches. Mr. Evans won again, after being at one time two down to Mr. Frank Mitchell; but it is only fair to say that the latter was very short of practice. His brother revenged him by drubbing Mr. Macdonnell most unmercifully, and this young gentleman appears temporarily to have lost the brilliant game he was playing. However, Mr. R. H. Mitchell, who is always one of the most graceful of players, can also on occasions be one of the most unpleasantly effective. Mr. Hooman lost his first match of the year to Mr.



JAMES BRAID.

Darwin after a game that was a much harder one than the actual result in holes—four up and three to play—would indicate. Mr. Hooman played some very brilliant holes, but also one or two bad ones, of which his opponent took full advantage. The victorious Mr. McClure lost for once, but Mr. Myles won again. He has the look of a very good player, and hits the ball

delightfully hard and firm, with a shortish swing. Major Williams won comfortably over Mr. Holderness, and is a desperately difficult man to beat. Mr. Gidney is another consistent winner, but Mr. Gillies should have halved with him but for a terrible putt on the last green. Altogether it was a thoroughly good, keen match, and the course was excellent.

THE YORK AND AINSTY HOUNDS.

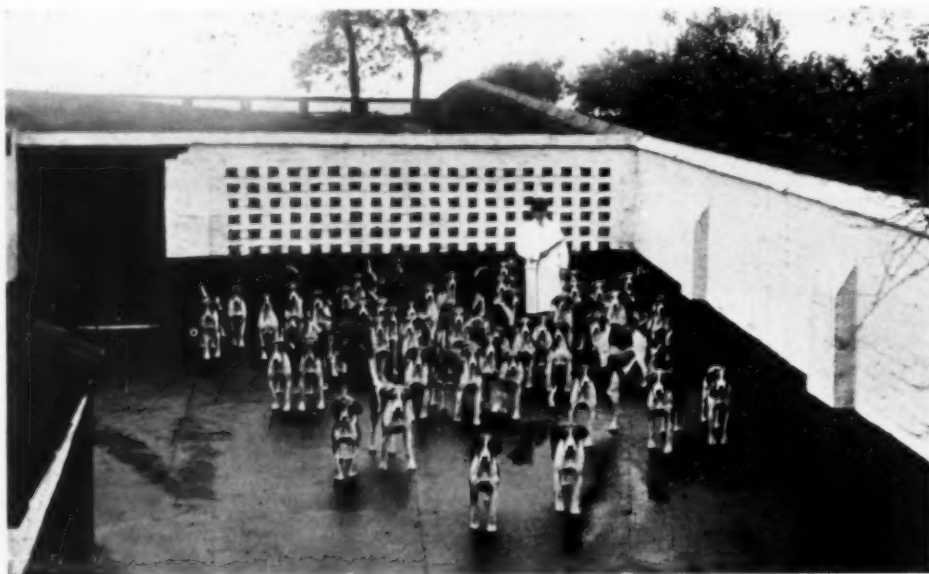
THIS first season of the York and Ainsty under the single Mastership of Mr. Stapylton has been marked by excellent sport. Cub-hunting was most successful, and there have been several notable runs since the season began. But during the first week, from November 20th to November 27th, the sport was not above the average. The want of rain to rot the leaves in the woodlands has made scent catchy and uncertain, and outside the going has been only fairly good. But perhaps the woodlands are the best places for seeing a pack at work. The undergrowth tests the resolution and the moderate scent the perseverance of the pack, and it is a very interesting sight to watch these hounds, bred by Mr. Lycett Green and Mr. Stapylton for their working qualities, hunt up to their fox and make a scent out of small opportunities. It is probable that few of those who hunted last week with this pack—justly described as one of the most fashionable outside the shires—recalled the fact that seventy years ago the country was hunted by a trencher-fed pack who were as ready to hunt a fox as a hare. Two factors in the growth and prosperity of the York and Ainsty Hunt are undoubtedly the railway and the presence of a cavalry regiment at York. There are probably very few cavalry officers of any standing who have not hunted with the York and Ainsty, and I feel sure that in writing of these hounds and horses I shall raise up many recollections of past sport in the minds of those who, though now scattered far and wide, have at one time or another hunted from York. Anyone who will look at the useful map of the Northern Hunts in Baily's Directory will notice the curious irregular outline of the York and Ainsty boundaries. But this, though it makes, as we have noted, the railroad a useful and, indeed, for the hounds and Hunt staff a necessary help, is no real disadvantage to the sport; for the York and Ainsty has as its neighbours the Bramham Moor, the Holderness, Lord Middleton's, the Bads-worth, the Bedale and the Sinnington, all well-preserved and well-hunted countries, and thus foxes are kept moving backwards and forwards across the boundaries of these countries. As a riding country it is not now my business to write of the York and Ainsty, but of the country as it affects foxes and hounds. There is enough woodland to breed the right stamp of fox, and very stout some of these Yorkshire foxes are. They have no particular objection to water and not infrequently cross the rivers, of which there are several—the Ure, which still recalls sinister memories, the Ouse and the Nidd, over which last, as I related a week or two ago, a hunted fox swam no less than four times.

There is one characteristic of the York and Ainsty country—its flatness—which is in favour of the foxes. In a level country a fox is far less likely to be viewed than where the rise and fall of the ground betrays him to his enemies. Incidentally, too, this affects hounds, since the huntsman has not the same chance of snatching an advantage over his fox and must trust his hounds to hunt. Sir Charles Slingsby, one of the finest gentlemen huntsmen of the last century, was averse from lifting his hounds, and, consequently, writes a good judge, had "a close hunting lot admirably adapted for the somewhat cold scenting clays of the Ainsty." Nevertheless, he did not like hounds to potter, for when he did come to their assistance he would make a bold forward or backward cast and generally hit off the line. Close

hunting is indeed necessary for the pack that would kill foxes in the York and Ainsty. There is still a good deal of plough, and much of the soil is stiff clay. In wet seasons it carries a scent on grass and plough alike, but the moisture soon dries out of it, and hounds have to hunt very closely. It is a country which is hard on hounds, and as well as good noses they must have courage and strength.

But the York and Ainsty has been hunted by men who, being skilful and scientific huntsmen, understood also how to breed a pack to suit the country. Indeed, many noted huntsmen have carried the horn and helped to build up the pack at present in the kennels. In 1823 a little Yorkshire lad came to the kennels, then on the out-kirts of York, with eighteen couple of hounds. The lad was Will Danby, who was to be the factotum of Mr. Hodgson of the Holderness, and eighteen years later to return to York as huntsman for sixteen memorable seasons. The hounds he brought were the foundation of

the York and Ainsty kennel. Will Danby was well known for his dry and somewhat caustic humour, as when he told the clergyman who consulted him about his hunter that the horse looked as if he had been fed on chopped sermons; and for his devotion to Trimbush, who first showed his quality by taking a line of his fox down a road while hares kept crossing. Even the huntsman's faith was shaken until Trimbush turned and went through the hedge "like a gun,"



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"THE LADIES" ON THE FLAGS.

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and they killed their fox soon after. Trimbush was but the first of several famous York and Ainsty hounds. There is no doubt that by the time Will retired the hounds were much improved. Then Sir Charles Slingsby came in 1853 and built new kennels at Acomb. He was a capital judge of a hound. And wherever he could find working blood he used it. One excellent judge writes that Sir Charles was somewhat too catholic in his choice of blood. But I do not agree. I believe that nearly all first-rate packs have been built up on a foundation laid by selections of blood from many kennels, and then by the choice of those leading lines from among many which suit the country, thus gradually forming the type of hound that is wanted. Sir Charles showed great sport during his Mastership. After his death there were several changes; but the next Master of importance from a hound-breeding point of view was Colonel Fairfax. A good huntsman, a fine horseman, a lover of hounds, Colonel Fairfax raised the character of the pack. He introduced a great deal of Belvoir blood and set a high standard when drafting his pack. Colonel Fairfax not only improved the pack, but built new kennels. We are helped to understand how a Master and huntsman builds a pack by following the course of Colonel Fairfax's entries. At first we find home-bred sires chiefly. The name of Sir Charles Slingsby's famous Racer, which once nearly beat Wynnstay Royal at the Yorkshire Hound Show, out of Dampier by Grove Druid, occurs frequently. Then the Master evidently decided that fresh blood was required, and we find Lord Hill's Shropshire pack and the Milton sires largely used, with an increasing, but not yet predominating, infusion of Belvoir blood. Then the name of Belvoir Fallible appears more and more frequently—a great working line, as we know now. Then, again, there were changes, but Gillson brought in hounds by Belvoir Stainless and Weathergauge, and thus prepared the way for Mr. Lycett Green and his kennel

huntsman, Arthur Wilson. The latter was a favourite disciple of Gillard's, and had besides a capital judgment of his own, as his work in the York and Ainsty, and later in the Atherstone and Essex and Suffolk, kennels has shown. The influence of Wilson with his knowledge of Belvoir lines appears. From 1889 onwards we note that Belvoir Gambler and Nominal, and, above all, Belvoir Gordon, appear frequently, while the home-bred hound Falstaff, evidently a favourite with the Master and huntsman, was only one generation removed from Belvoir Fencer. If one analyses the kennel history of the York and Ainsty, one finds that the chief foundation strains of the pack of to-day are derived from Belvoir and Milton. The proof of their success is, indeed, in the sport shown, which has been quite remarkable; and even allowing for the fact that much of what was plough in the days of Sir C. Slingsby and of Colonel Fairfax is now laid down in grass, the hounds still require and show the same working power and the same stoutness. Not only quality but good bone and depth through the heart are needed in this country. We have in the history of this pack and in the lines of blood selected the deliberate judgment of men who hunted their own hounds and, like Sir C. Slingsby, Colonel Fairfax and Mr. Lycett Green, bred avowedly for work first and other things second.

In the search for working qualities Mr. Lycett Green rather anticipated one valuable line by his introduction of Holderness Gaffer and Steadfast blood. Gaffer was a son of Belvoir Gameboy, litter brother to the famous Gambler and son of Weathergauge. Of this family is Brocklesby Wrangler, to which Mr. Rawnsley referred in speaking of the Southwold hounds as transmitting to his descendants such splendid qualities of drive. All went well in the Acomb kennels for some years. Up to about 1902 the entries were, year after year, of first-rate quality both for looks and work. Then came a series of lean years when whelps died and distemper carried off the choicest puppies on their return to kennel. But a kennel like this, founded on such strains of blood, is bound to recover, and we have only to point to recent sport and the illustrations to this article to establish this. Mr. Lycett Green thought, and probably rightly, that some of the difficulties of hound-breeding arise from over-production of puppies, and so there have been some fresh strains of blood sought for in the Meynell and Morpeth kennels, and with success. Verdict, by Morpeth Vagabond, was the prize puppy of his year and has grown into a fine hound. With bone well carried down, a beautiful neck and shoulders, he is of the galloping type. He has plenty of foxhound character and intelligence. In his work he is good; but, indeed, no hound that will not work would be kept at the York and Ainsty kennels. Even better, as having more bone and substance, is Viscount, a very excellent type of the strength and quality to be looked for in this pack. Both are beautifully-coloured hounds, a matter which is not to be despised when other and more important qualities are not sacrificed to it. A very taking hound is the resolute-looking Hector. In neck and shoulders he equals his kennel companions; in depth of girth he surpasses them. That he stands well his photograph, which has caught his attitude and character, is a witness. Again, in Noble we have a puppy full of promise for the future. For two seasons past the dog and bitch pack have been hunting in different parts of the country, and with separate Masters and huntsmen. But this season Mr. Lycett Green, after a quarter of a century of Mastership, which has left its mark on the country, has left the sole Mastership to his partner, Mr. Stapylton, and Brackley now hunts the dog pack as well as the bitches. Here I draw attention to the group of the bitch pack, which is surely one of the happiest of its kind in our series. The character, the lightness, the family likeness, all tell of keenness and pace, and of those beautiful sweeping casts to recover the line which a bitch pack shows us to perfection, so that the line is lost, the



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NOBLE: A YOUNG HOUND.

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cast made and the scent recovered all in one action, as it were, and with the least possible delay. And what they are as a group that they are as individuals. Awdry is a beautiful type of a powerful bony bitch, while Hearsay, though she does not show so well as the others, has a reputation in the field her appearance does not belie. She belongs to a type which carries us back to the Blankney hounds, as I remember them after they had come to Buckinghamshire, or to the sort of bitch which we looked for in the old Puckeridge Kennel. For the future of the pack we may expect great things of Arthur Brackley, the huntsman. He has always lived with noted packs and served under masters in the science of hound-breeding. Second whipper-in to the Southwold, first to the Brocklesby and Lord Middleton's, he has had a sound training. The records of recent sport show that the York and Ainsty have had already some remarkable runs this season, so that the cub-hunting season of 1909 has been almost a record for sport. The York and Ainsty are oftener in the open in September and October than most packs, for they have not many woodlands of any great size, and those they have are in rather remote corners of the country. The rest of the coverts are small, and with a pack that drive like these, foxes do not, as a rule, remain in them very long.

THE AVIAN . . . BLACK LIST.

WE are greatly delighted to find that in the latest deliverance on birds in their relation to farm crops the principles that we have advocated for a long time in these columns are delivered with emphasis. Mr. MacDonald — reference to whose new edition of "The Book of the Farm" will be found on another page — has devoted a considerable amount of space to this eternally interesting question, and begins by a statement that might have been paraphrased out of the passages in our own columns. He says that "part of the difficulty in deciding into which set, economically, a bird must be put consists in the absence of organised investigation, and of direct examination of the contents of the crops and stomachs of shot birds. Such an examination, too, should extend over all the months of the year where the species is a resident one. There is the further difficulty that there may be a certain adaptability on the part of the birds to the different kinds of food material available in different districts, and therefore, as the result of enquiries in a single district only, too sweeping generalisation as to food taken may be fallacious." With that wholesome caution in front of us, we may proceed, with some hope of arriving at a sound conclusion, to summarise judgments that are passed upon the birds. The Carnivoræ are, of course, easily dealt with. The food of the kestrel consists to a very great degree of mice and voles, and even the sparrow-hawk is more useful than harmful, while the owls have abundantly proved their right to consideration. Of the Corvidæ, the raven is regarded as an enemy on the great sheep farms of Scotland, and so is the carrion crow. Sir John Gilmour made out a very strong case against the rook, whose food consists to a very large degree of wheat, barley and oats, maize and buckwheat. Mr. Cecil Hooper, from the South-East of England, condemns the rook for eating "green strawberries, cherries, gooseberries, especially in dry weather, and sometimes apples and pears; it dearly loves walnuts, also cob and filbert nuts." The plan for keeping them down in Scotland is to select a frosty night, just when the eggs are laid, and to keep up a continuous firing of guns, not so much for the purpose of shooting the old birds as to keep them from their eggs, which thus become frosted and unfertile. The jackdaw

gets off with a verdict of "Not guilty," and so do the magpie and jay; but a very severe indictment is brought against the wood-pigeon. It eats the seeds of a few weeds, but the list of crops which it devours numbers nearly thirty. Its capacity for eating may be judged from the following: "The crop or store-chamber of the pigeon is large, and T. H. Nelson gives various records to show its capacity—viz., a cupful of turnip tops (December 1884); 61 acorns in another; 76 acorns and a quantity of swede tops (18th December 1883); 73 hazel-nuts (January 1884); another containing 838 grains of corn." In the North the starling is not considered an enemy of the cultivator. Sir John Gilmour says "it is a bird to be fostered rather than destroyed"; but we do not think this verdict would be sustained by the poor gardeners of the South of England. The song-thrush, missel-thrush and blackbird are let off easily. The advice from the Yorkshire College, Leeds, for keeping them off fruit is to "attach a cat by a ring and swivel to a long cord fastened securely at each end, so that the cat can walk up and down the length of its tether." It may be pointed out that if a cat is given a bird or two under a strawberry net, it will soon make the bed its hunting-ground and effectually terrify the birds. There was very little use in bringing into the category the names of the swallows, the martin and the flycatcher, the water-wagtail, the titmice and the buntings, although exception might be made perhaps of the corn-bunting, of which Knapp says: "It could hardly be supposed that this bird, not larger than a lark, is capable of doing serious injury; yet I this morning witnessed a rick of barley, standing in a detached field, entirely stripped of its thatching, which this bunting effected by seizing the end of the straw, and deliberately drawing it out to seek for any corn the ear might yet contain—the base of the rick being entirely surrounded by straw, one end resting on the ground and the other against the snow, as it slid down from the summit, and regularly placed as if by the hand; and so completely was the thatching of the rick pulled off that the immediate removal of the corn became necessary. The sparrow and other birds burrow in the stack and pilfer the corn, but the deliberate operation of unroofing the edifice appears to be the habit of the bunting alone." The chaffinch is condemned in the following words: "The short, thick, conical beak, with sharp edges, is well suited for removing the husks of seeds. On recently sown beds it is troublesome, taking out the sprouting carrot, lettuce, radish, cabbage, turnip, onion. It is also a disbudder of gooseberries, currants and plums." Of the greenfinch and linnet little has to be said, and the following is a paean in praise of the goldfinch: "The goldfinch (*Carduelis carduelis*), local and rarer in Scotland, is generally distributed in the summer in England and Ireland. It takes insects at the breeding season, but its chief food is weed seeds, e.g., thistle—its moderately long, pointed bill is well suited for picking the thistle heads—knapweed and dock. It is a pity the bird is not in greater numbers." The bullfinch does a great deal of mischief, but it also takes a large number of weed seeds, and the farmer is recommended to dust the buds with quicklime while the plants are still wet from winter washing. No quarter is given to the sparrow, which is described as the scourge of the farmer, gardener and fruit-grower. The accusation against it is thus formulated: "(a) Causes great loss by eating cultivated grain. Especially before harvest time flocks of the birds, young and old, are found in the fields gorging themselves on grain; (b) harmful by destruction of the blossom of garden and fruit plants; (c) harmful also by its destruction of buds, e.g., gooseberry, cherry, red currant, and later to fruit; (d) harmful to such plants as pears, lettuces, cauliflowers, etc.; (e) drives away soft-billed birds without, in turn, doing their useful work; (f) chokes up the rhones of the houses. Against these charges it is to be admitted that weed seeds are taken, and insects, some of these most injurious ones."

The gulls generally receive acquittal, and nothing very deadly is said against the game-birds. Of the pheasant it is said: "In the natural state, and in small numbers, pheasants prefer insects and the young shoots of plants and corn, of which they pick at a time only a few grains; but when semi-domesticated, and congregated in large numbers, they assume the habits of the domestic fowl, and will eat and trample down extensive patches of the growing corn in the immediate vicinity of their preserves—and this they do between the ripening and reaping of the crop. Pheasants devour quantities of wire worm." The partridge, too, receives more praise than blame.

No one can criticise this list adversely, because it is put forward so cautiously and modestly. It helps to show, however, that the investigation we have consistently urged was much needed when the committee of the British Association took the matter up. As far as we know, they have not yet published any results; and, indeed, it must inevitably take a very long time to collect the data on which final judgment must be founded. The habits of birds must be ascertained not only in a single locality, but all over Great Britain, because it is an undoubted fact that the diet of birds varies according to their opportunities and the character of the crops produced in any given district. The veriest stranger might gather from reading the account given by Mr. MacDonald that his information was derived mostly from the more Northern part of the country. Were it otherwise, he would have been much more severe on the pretty depredators that play such havoc in the fruit orchards of England. In the North such crops as cherries have not yet been grown on a very large scale, and starlings, for example, have not yet been accustomed to feeding largely on this fruit; in fact, only this last year we have seen a tree standing with the cherries dead ripe for several days in a neighbourhood where the flocks of starlings are numerous in extent, and yet remain untouched. On the other hand, it is not an uncommon occurrence for an orchard of considerable size in the South of England to be utterly devastated in the course of an hour or so by a flock of these ravenous birds.

THE RACING . . . SEASON REVIEWED.

WHEN on the Saturday of last week Admiral Togo III. won the Manchester November Handicap, beating Rathlea by a length and a-half, the flat-racing season of the present year came to an end, and the time has now come for us to pass briefly in review some of the principal events and their possible bearing on the future. Generally speaking, the racing of the year has been of



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BAYARDO, BY BAY RONALD—GALICIA.

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an interesting description. The American horses, owned by men of standing and repute, have been welcome visitors to our race-courses, and have been run in the most open and straightforward manner from the beginning to the end of the season. Among our own horses there has been more than the usual amount of in-and-out running, and form, as exemplified by the "book," has not worked out well; but that may, perhaps, be to some extent attributed to the extraordinary vicissitudes of weather and temperature with which we have had to put up. The least satisfactory feature of the season has been the manner in which, in many instances, the handicappers have been hopelessly at fault; and several of the more important handicaps of the year have been won by animals carrying heavy penalties in excess of the weight originally allotted to them.

Before dealing with the race for the Two Thousand Guineas, the first of the five classic races of the year, it may be as well, perhaps, to recall to mind that, at the close of the previous season, so marked was the superiority of Mr. Fairie's two year old colt Bayardo over all animals of his age that, given a clean bill of health, it seemed to be almost a certainty that he would have little or no difficulty in winning the three great races for which a three year old colt can compete—the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby and the St. Leger Stakes.



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MINORU.

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But, long before the first of these races came on for decision, there had been rumours that all was not well with the son of Bay Ronald, and meantime His Majesty's colt Minoru (9st. 10lb.) had so beaten Valens (9st. 5lb.) at Newbury that he at once came into prominent notice in connection with the classic races. When the day of the Two Thousand Guineas came on, it was seen that Bayardo was anything but at his best—he was if anything lighter and less muscular than he had been as a two year old—while, on the other hand, Minoru was in the very pink of condition. In the end Minoru won in a canter by two lengths, having for runner-up the Duke of Portland's beautifully-bred colt Phalaron, by Gallinule out of Mrs. Butterwick, behind whom, at an interval of a length and a-half, Mr. Raphael's Louviers ran into third place. Three days after Minoru had won the Two Thousand Guineas, Mr. Neumann's filly Electra, by Eager out of Sirenia, won the One Thousand Guineas, beating Princesse de Galles by a length, Mr. W. Cooper's Perola being placed third, four lengths behind the second.

To the race for the Derby an added interest was lent by the presence in the field of the American-bred colt Sir Martin, by Ogden out of Lady Sterling, who had brought with him from America the reputation of being a very smart youngster, and who had, moreover, made a very favourable impression by the style in which, on his first appearance in this country, he won a welter

handicap at Newmarket, carrying 9st. 10lb., and beating among others the two four year olds, Dusky Slave (7st. 9lb.) and Houghton (7st. 4lb.). Rumours there were that William the Fourth, a fine upstanding colt by William III. out of Lady Sevington, had been well tried; Minoru, we knew, was well; and Louviers, by the style in which he had outstayed Electra in the Newmarket Stakes, had shown us that he had not been idle in the interval that had elapsed since his failure in the Two Thousand Guineas. There were, too, good reports concerning Valens; but with regard to Bayardo a different state of affairs prevailed, the opposition on the part of the Ring to Mr. Fairie's champion being so deadly that one prominent bookmaker went so far as to bet that he would not so much as take part in the race. The history of the ever-memorable race that took place on Wednesday, May 26th, has been already told in these pages, and we need do no more than recall to mind the long, desperate battle between Louviers and Minoru, in which, to the delight of the vast multitude assembled, the hoisting of the No. 1 in the number frame proclaimed that His Majesty's colt had won the Derby. But he gained the race by a head only, and, in spite of the interference met with when Sir Martin blundered on to his head and knees, William the Fourth was but half a length behind the second, while Valens just missed being placed third by a head. As was clearly shown in the very interesting pictures given in

COUNTRY LIFE at the time, Bayardo was a good deal hampered in the confusion that arose when Sir Martin came down, and Stern lost some ground in making the turn round Tattenham Corner with Louviers. The luck of the race was with Minoru, to which it may be added that he was sent out in splendid condition by Richard Marsh and most excellently ridden by Herbert Jones.

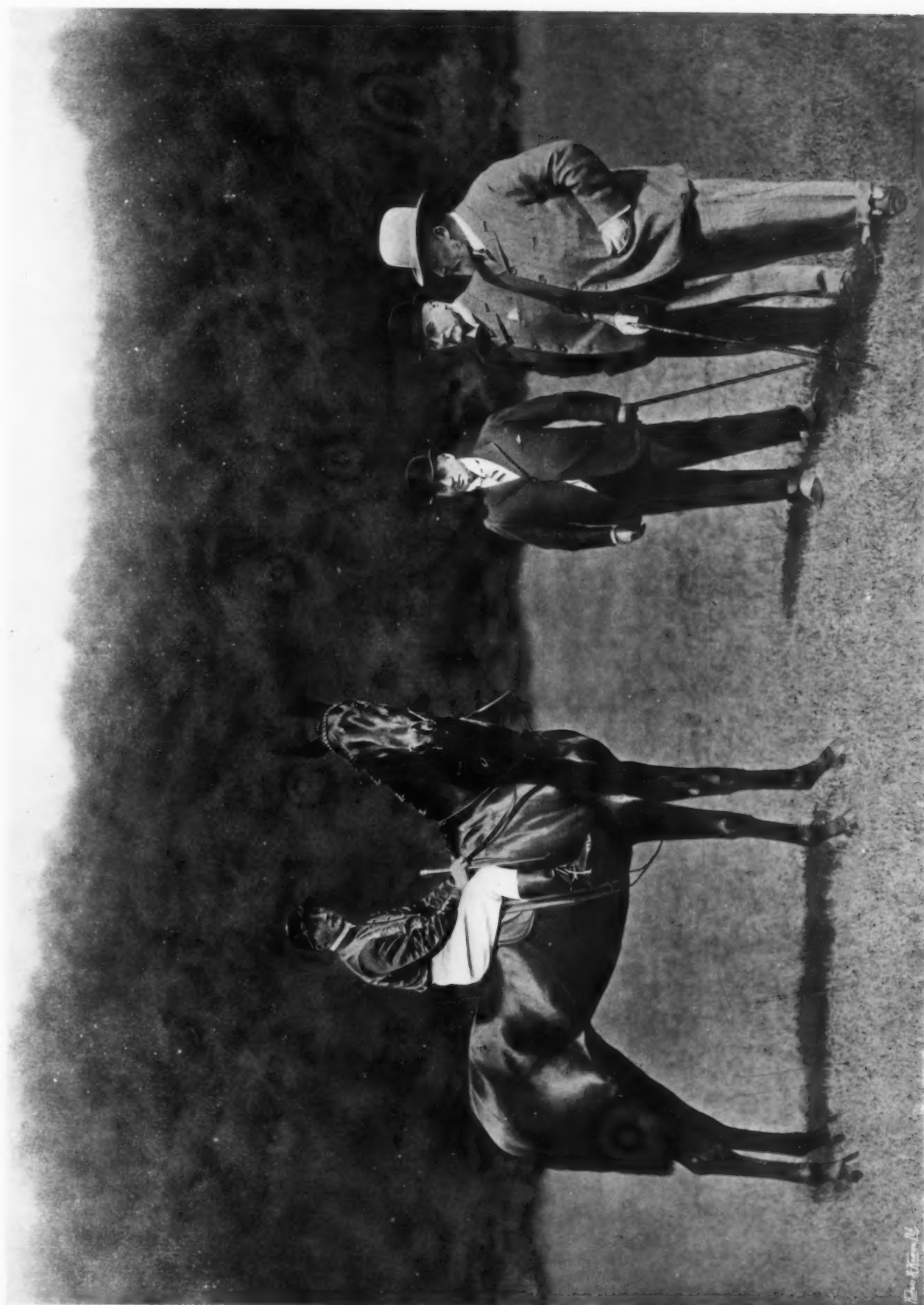
Left standing with her tail where her head ought to have been at the start for the Oaks, Electra did well under the circumstances in finishing sixth; but in all probability not even in the most favourable circumstances would she have troubled the winner, for Mr. W. Coope's beautiful but delicate filly Perola, by Persimmon out of Edmee, happened to be just then at her best, and there was no mistaking the ease with which she beat Princesse de Galles.

A renewal of the Derby battle between Louviers and Minoru in the St. Leger Stakes had been looked forward to with keen anticipation; but it was not to be, for to the intense disappointment of his owner and trainer, Mr. Raphael's colt had

become subject to the breaking of blood-vessels. But before this misfortune overtook him Bayardo had given him such a trouncing in the Sandringham Foal Stakes that it was evident that, remembering the running in the Derby, Minoru would find in Mr. Fairie's colt a very dangerous adversary. So it proved to be, for, out-paced and outstayed, His Majesty's colt was badly beaten at every point of the game, and Mr. Fairie's champion strode home the easiest of winners a length and a-half in front of Valens, behind whom Mirador ran into third place in front of Minoru. That, both being fit and well, Bayardo would always beat Minoru may be taken as certain; but that His Majesty's colt did not show his true form in the race for the St. Leger is in all probability equally certain.

The classic races over, we can pass on to investigate the results of the running for some of the principal weight-for-age races of the season, in which we shall find, I think, that the "stayers" of the year have been lamentably poor in class as compared with those of previous years, with the possible exception of Lord Falmouth's honest little horse Amadis, by Love Wisely out of Galeta.

Although from his breeding Bomba, by Carbine out of St. Neophyte, might have been expected to be a stayer of some class, he had done nothing until his unexpected victory in the race for the Ascot Gold Cup (two miles and a-half) to entitle him to rank with many of the former winners of that race, and



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H.M. THE KING AND HIS 1909 DERBY WINNER.
Next to His Majesty stands Lord Maresca, the King's Racing Manager; with Richard Marsh, his Trainer, and Jones up.

Copyright—"C.L."

what he might have developed into must for the present, at all events, remain an unknown quantity, for in the course of his preparation for the St. Leger he succumbed to the rigours of training. Nor is there much more to be said in favour of Caroussel, the winner of the Goodwood Cup (two miles and a-half). In the Doncaster Cup (two miles and a furlong) the three year old Amadis outstayed the French four year old Roi Herode by a neck. Lord Falmouth's colt also won the Jockey Club Cup (two miles and a-quarter) in which his one solitary opponent was that very moderate animal Pop, and it should, perhaps, be also mentioned that in the Ascot Gold Vase (two miles) he had beaten Jackson and Bomba.

In other weight for age races Primer, a four year old, won the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot, and Dark Ronald, another four year old, won the Princess of Wales's Stakes at Newmarket. Bayardo did the three year olds a turn when he made hacks of his opponents in the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park, and the Duke of Portland's three year old Phaleron won the Jockey Club Stakes at the Newmarket Second October Meeting.

Turning now to the two year olds and their doings, to Lemberg, a half-brother by Cyllene to Bayardo, belongs, perhaps, the pride of place as winner of the New Stakes, the Chesterfield Stakes, the Middle Park Plate and the Dewhurst Plate, though it cannot be overlooked that Lord Rosebery's colt Neil Gow, by Marco out of Chelandry, beat him in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, and has, moreover, to his credit an astounding performance in the Imperial Produce Stakes at Kempton Park, besides further successes gained in the National Breeders' Produce Stakes at Sandown Park and the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Goodwood. A singularly erratic disposition may mar his future, but he must, nevertheless, take rank as a two year old of undeniably good class. Next to these we may perhaps place the American-bred Whisk Broom, between whom and Admiral Hawke no difference is made in the Free Handicap published by the Messrs. Weatherby, but there are reasons for thinking that next year the brother to Pretty Polly may prove himself to be the better stayer of the pair.

The presence of a good many American-bred animals on our race-courses has lent additional interest to the racing of the past season, the more so that some of them, at all events, have been fairly typical representatives of high-class American-bred horses, and we have thus been afforded an opportunity for gauging to a certain extent the difference that exists in the quality of English and American



W. A. Rouch.

AMADIS.

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thorough-breds, the chief deduction being that, although possessed of fine speed, the American-bred animals are deficient in stamina. In this respect—stamina—we ourselves have but little at the moment of which to boast, for no Cup horse worthy of the name has been seen out in the course of the year. By many critics the three year olds are considered to be of more than ordinary merit; but from this opinion the writer differs, thinking that, with the brilliant exception of Bayardo, the classic form has been



W. A. Rouch.

SIR MARTIN.

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very moderate, and that the position claimed for three year olds in other than classic races has been due to a great extent to the fact that the best of the older horses were incapable of being trained. T. H. B.

THE WHEAT OUTLOOK.

THE correspondence that began in *The Times* on November 15th, on taxing foreign wheat, and is still proceeding in the month of December, involves many questions that are not strictly political in their nature, although political action may possibly be founded upon them in the future. It is very essential that the true facts should be exhibited in a dry and clear light without political bias, and without any desire to influence legislation one way or another. One point we should have thought incontrovertible. It is that, after a long period of depression, land has once more come into very active demand. No one has seriously disputed the statement made by Lord Eversley that "there is a keen competition for farms," and that it is accompanied by a tendency of rent to rise in most districts. Being neither biased towards Protection nor Free Trade, we can enumerate the possible causes of this. One which we think is lost sight of by the opponents of Tariff Reform is that the increase of population is bound by mechanical law to add to the value of land. Whatever may be our importation of food, those who produce it, to speak metaphorically, at the elbow of the consumer, will be at an advantage compared with those who have to send from long distances; and the greater the population, the more certain is the tiller of the soil to find a market for his goods. One cannot imagine a market gardener starving if his acres lay within easy reach of either London or one of the great provincial towns. We take his as a very simple case, because it need not be complicated by any question of carriage. Let him, as many a greengrocer has done before him, take his goods on his back, so that he has neither to pay a railway company nor keep a horse, and he will earn at the very least a living wage, if he has skill enough to grow the ordinary fruits and vegetables that English people like to see upon their dining-room tables. That is a very simple proposition, and yet it would account in itself for the rise in the value of land. There are other reasons that are scarcely less obvious.

No one with an acquaintance with the facts would dispute that the consuming power is growing all over the world. In Great Britain it could be proved from the fact that proportionately there is more fruit produced from the soil, and also more fruit imported from abroad, than ever before in English history. No one could get away from the fact that this points to a decided increase in the consuming power of the average Briton of all stations. One has only to look round to see that the



W. A. Rouch.

NEIL GOW, BY MARCO—CHELANDRY.

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case must be so. Every class has improved its dietary within the last thirty years. There is a passage in one of George Eliot's novels in which she speaks of it being a rare luxury for a person of the middle class to have anything more than bread and butter for breakfast; but the descendants of the very people to whom this observation was applied would regard it now as a hardship if they did not have their bacon, their eggs, their fish, or some equivalent dish for breakfast. In the days of the same novelist, who can scarcely yet be called an ancient writer,



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LEMBERG, BY CYLLENE—GALICIA.

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the poor man as often as not made his dinner of bread and cheese or, at the best, of bread and cold bacon. Would he consent to do so to-day? Certainly not. His consuming power, too, has been largely increased. He buys far more flour and meat than his grandfather did, and he adds to this tinned and foreign meat, which his ancestors did not dream of. What we see in England is a process going on in other parts of the world. Anyone who has been recently in Germany knows that the peasant of that country is no longer content to take a little sauerkraut for his dinner. He lives almost as well as his English contemporary. The present writer remembers very well when he first went to Germany, about twenty years ago, that the food of the whole population differed very much from what it is to-day. A more recent visit shows that, as far as an individual can judge from private hospitality and houses of public entertainment, the German standard of living has been very much raised. So has that of France. Russia has scarcely begun to feel modern movement yet, as far as the rural population is concerned; but no doubt the peasants will come on with a rush when they do move, and eventually add immensely to the consuming power of the world. In Eastern nations like India, Japan and China, the standard of living has been very highly increased, so that the demand for wheat from them has now become a steady one. These facts go to support the conclusion that the demand for wheat, and consequently that for English land, may be expected to go on

improving in spite of the new areas that are being brought under cultivation. In other words, the consuming power is growing faster than the producing power.

One other point in the correspondence deserves close attention. This is the proof given by Mr. Hart-Synnot, Director of Agriculture of University College, Reading. It is that the movement which we have designated "The Rural Exodus" is not confined to Great Britain, but has been going on very steadily in other countries of the world. In France the total population has been practically stationary since 1866, when the percentage of the rural element was 69.5. This had decreased in 1891 to 62.6. In Germany the population is rapidly increasing, yet the rural element fell from the proportion of 63.9 in 1871 to 53.0 in 1890. Mr. Hart-Synnot makes the following pregnant quotation from Weber: "Almost the entire increase of the population has been absorbed by the great cities." He proves his point with regard to the United States by the following extract from the eleventh Census Report: "It will be seen that the proportion of urban population has increased gradually during the past century from 3.35 up to 29.2 per cent., or from one-thirtieth up to nearly one-third of the total population. The increase has been quite regular from the beginning up to 1880, while from 1880 to 1890 it has made a leap from 22.57 up to 29.2 per cent., thus illustrating in a forcible manner the accelerated tendency of our population towards urban life."

THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHY.

AT the Royal Photographic Society's new club-house, 35, Russell Square, there is at present open, free to the public, a notable exhibition of pictures by Mr. Arthur Marshall, a photographer whose work has frequently appeared in these pages, and is therefore already to some extent familiar to the readers of this paper. Those whom it has pleased—and they must surely be many—ought to take advantage of this opportunity of making further

acquaintance with the fruits of Mr. Marshall's diligence. They will find on the walls of the Russell Square exhibition room much that is of interest even to non-photographers, while to photographers this little collection is full of lessons and suggestions.

The non-photographer, entering Mr. Marshall's show, will almost certainly be influenced, at first, by two sensations—surprise and scepticism. He will be surprised at the almost



A. Marshall.

THE CITY GATEWAY.

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complete lack of resemblance between the prints with which he is here confronted and those which he is accustomed to see in the show-cases outside professionals' studios or even in the hands of his amateur hand-camera-using friends. "How unlike photographs!" might be his comment on Mr. Marshall's pictures. Promptly there will follow a certain scepticism as to their origin. It may not go the length of positively questioning their honesty, but at any rate it will conceivably question the proportions of hand work to camera work which have formed the ingredients of this remarkable and, on the whole, felicitous mixture. Photography means drawing by the aid of light; surely (it may be asked) Mr. Marshall has, in some places, drawn by the aid of some more material implement?

Those photographers—and they are many—who insist that the end justifies the means, would doubtless retort that if Mr. Marshall's prints give pleasure—which we have granted—it is of no consequence how they were evolved. The plea would be unanswerable if the pictures were hung anywhere but in the home of the Royal Photographic Society. Their present abode inevitably labels them. It is as photographs that we are invited to view them; artistic photographs, pictorial photographs, impressionist photographs—but still, first and foremost, photographs. The outsider, then, may be pardoned both for his surprise and his scepticism. He is justified in enquiring whether these delicate, imaginative visions of Nature in her most subtle moods are traceable at bottom to the same agency as, for example, the gigantic library of Parliamentary and Record and Survey

prints compiled by Sir Benjamin Stone, the X-ray negative which aids the surgeon to locate a bullet in a soldier's wound, or the cinematograph film which enables the South

Sea islander to watch with his own eyes King Edward in the act of reviewing troops in far-off London. Glance at the reproductions of Mr. Marshall's work which accompany this article, and then recall even such near-akin photography as the average topographical picture-post-card, and it will hardly be credible that both come under the same category and are the effects of the same causes. Is it possible that the same word, "photography," can describe them both, and can also describe the cinematograph film and the X-ray plate? On the face of it, this is rather difficult to swallow. Mr. Marshall and his fellow-pictorialists must not be offended, therefore, if scepticism is expressed by some of his laymen admirers. This scepticism is rather a compliment than otherwise. So, also, is the before-mentioned phrase, which picture-makers of the Marshall school are tired of and, therefore, apt to resent—the phrase "How unlike a photograph!" For that phrase as often as not really means "How much nicer than a photograph!"

The fact remains that Mr. Marshall's prints, if not in the same immediate category as the picture-post-card, indubitably belong to the same tribe. Photography is a large family, with enormously divergent branches. The topographic photograph or "memento"



A. Marshall.

RETURNING FROM SCHOOL.

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picture-post-card is an extremely remote cousin of Mr. Marshall's impressions in much the same way that, to make a rash comparison, the coat of paint which protects an iron

bridge is a remote cousin to the coat of paint on a canvas at the Academy. The artisan who paints the bridge uses brushes; the Academician uses brushes. The word "painting" applies to all who use brushes and pigments, and if the word "photography" happens to be equally elastic and ridiculous in its stretch, that is the fault of the English language, not of the photographers.

If, therefore, Mr. Marshall's pictures do not seem to square with one's preconceived notion of photography, this scarcely proves that they are not photographs; it does not even prove that the exclamation "How unlike photographs!" is a logical one. What, after all, are photographs "like"? Suppose someone had seen Mr. Marshall's pictures and had never seen an ordinary

outcome of adroit choice of subject and control of the instrument? Is there not a strong infusion of drawing by the human hand, altering the drawing of the sun's rays? If so, how much credit must go to the family tree we call "photography," and how much to a totally unrelated family tree which is represented by pen or pencil or brush, and, as a whole, denominated "painting"?

These are questions which it is rather for Mr. Marshall to answer than for the critic. The precise extent to which hand-work in photography is admissible is a matter for each photographer's private conscience. The drawing-room album portrait, which is the standard used by most laymen to judge photography, is really a mass of unconfessed hand-work. Without the

touching on the negative it would often be condemned utterly by the purchaser. It is safe to assert that few, if any, of Mr. Marshall's negatives would reveal a tithe of the furtive pencilings discoverable on the so-called "pure photography" negative of commerce. In printing he may, and probably does, introduce hand control, but the argument that this hand control of the positive is less legitimate than hand control of the negative cannot be upheld. It may be that, in the long run, hand control of any sort will become less and less necessary, and that Mr. Marshall's methods represent only a phase in the history of pictorial photography; but that need not make us unappreciative of his aims and the refinement with which those aims are carried out. Photography as a budding art is the richer for experimentalists, of whom Mr. Marshall is one of the leaders. The managers of the Royal Photographic Society would adopt a narrow and starved policy indeed were they to exclude from their house all work which happened to overflow the narrow bounds of the scientific dictionary definition of the scope of their institute.

It is but fair to add that a large proportion of the pictures so tastefully set forth in the room at Russell Square are bromides, platino-types and carbons—which means that hand control in printing is reduced to a minimum. It is the oils and bromoils which will arouse suspicion in the lay mind—and not unnaturally. An oil print like "Brothers" or a bromoil like "Returning from School" require, it must be admitted, a knowledge of photography to detect the sure signs of their intrinsically photographic origin. "Brothers" is powerful and dark, yet luminous; it has sunshine in spite of its

heavy shadows. It might be a monochrome painting, or some form of wash-drawing, were it not for the faces. Nothing but photography could have registered with such fineness yet realism those two small and delightful visages. The brush might do this registration as well, or better; it could not do it with precisely this quality. Photography's peculiar quality may or may not please everyone, but there is no questioning that it is unique and inimitable. Mr. Marshall, being a worker of wide range, shows here and there in his exhibition an enterprising desire to escape from or veil the qualities which photography offers him. The results of these adventures are in most cases harmonious enough; but are they in any wise more harmonious than they would have been if he



A. Marshall.

BROTHERS.

Copyright.

snap-shot; would he not probably exclaim, when shown the latter, "How unlike a photograph!"? Undoubtedly he would. We are, in short, prejudiced; and it is well to emphasise the necessity of getting rid of this prejudice before visiting the Royal Photographic Society's exhibition, or indeed any other exhibition of the newer camera craftsmanship. Go to Russell Square expecting the usual thing in photography and you will be disappointed. But why go at all if you are only to be rewarded by a vision of the usual thing?

Granting, though, that we have discarded the prejudice which causes mere unreasoning astonishment at the apparently unphotographic appearance of Mr. Marshall's work, there still remains the scepticism as to its purity. Is his work solely the



A. Marshall.

PASTORAL.

Copyright.

had unashamedly confessed to his medium? I doubt it. Here, as at other similar exhibitions for several years past, the "pure photographs" hold their own against the hybrids. Clever though the oil-print "Brothers" is, the bromide "Pastoral" is not in the smallest degree inferior, nor the carbon "The City Gateway."

A number of Mr. Marshall's pictures represent foreign life or foreign landscape scenes. This is, perhaps, their one definite weakness. Picture-making in Holland and in Venice is easy—too easy. The man who can observe striking compositions on the Continent should be able to find them in Britain, too. The Dutch peasantry, with their quaint costumes and rugged open-air complexions, ought not to be to any vital degree better models than the peasantry or townsfolk of our own island.

In one or two of his works Mr. Marshall seems to rely a trifle too much on the foreignness of his subject for its success. This is a pity, for we have seen, here and elsewhere, plenty of evidence to prove that he can, when he chooses, find just as strong themes at home as across the Channel. It is doubly a pity, inasmuch as amateur pictorial photographers as a body are too prone to attach importance to the subject of a picture rather than to its treatment, and for this reason are perpetually travelling afield to search for happy hunting-grounds, when the discerning eye would perceive these all around in everyday life. By its very actuality, photography must be extra efficient in, for instance, dealing with the modern glamour of the streets of London rather than with the faded atmosphere

of, say, Italy. Photography ought to pay particular attention to the beauty of the commonplace; it is

a democratic art and it should specially deal with the beauty in democratic themes. Mr. Marshall's best pictures delineate Continental subjects, and we are therefore apt to overlook the skill with which they are presented in favour of what they present. The Dutch scenes are charming; they will make the average amateur camera-user envy Mr. Marshall his opportunities for visiting Holland. They ought instead to make us envy Mr. Marshall his artistic skill and endeavour to emulate it. It is not the happy hunting-ground that has produced these results, but the cunning hunter. It cannot too often be impressed on the visitor to such exhibitions that the reason the pictures differ from the normal photograph lies far less in the choice of subject than in its treatment. If Mr. Marshall's Venetian prints are striking, why are not the prints of every Venetian tourist? Why, indeed, do we trouble to see these Venetian impressions at Russell Square when we might buy, as has been suggested, a picture-post-card of Venice at the nearest stationer's shop? The answer is, that Mr. Marshall is one sort of photographer and the post-card-maker another. Whether this means that Mr. Marshall and his brotherhood are artists in the large sense of the word will always be a disputed point. What is certain is that there is a difference between them and the ordinary commercial camera-user, and that this difference cannot be defined except in terms of art.



A. Marshall.

DEVOTION.

Copyright.

WARD MUIR.



TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

THE BURDEN.

BY

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.



CHRISTINA'S eyes, fresh from the dazzle of babyhood, looked long and wonderingly on the shapes of life before it occurred

to her to examine her own. When it did, she was about thirteen, and for some months she grappled with the problem of herself, puzzled and unsuccessful. One thing only was entirely clear to her—her father and mother loved Audrey better. With the acute sensitiveness of childhood she shrank even from letting anyone guess that this dreadful fact was known to her; she would have died rather than ask the reason why.

But a departing housemaid, sore and angry from the loss of a comfortable place, and tingling with a desire for vengeance, told her without being asked.

"Mind they don't treat *you* like this one fine day, Miss Christina," she flung over her shoulder as she flounced towards the back gate. "You'd best behave yourself, I can tell you, and remember you've no rights here, no more than if you was me."

Christina stopped swinging, and laughed tantalisingly; she had never liked the housemaid.

"Don't be silly, Ada," she said. "What a rage you're in. I didn't tell Mother you had the postman to see you."

The girl threw her a spiteful look. "Mother, indeed!" she sneered. "You've no call to be so free with your 'Mothers,' and it's time you knew it, you saucy little foundling."

She was frightened as soon as the words were spoken, and turned quickly away. It was not pleasant, even to an angry Ada, to know one's self the cause of that frozen look on a child's face. The garden gate clanged behind her.

Christina did not move. The drowsy summer afternoon, with its faint sounds of decorous suburban life, the pretty garden and its gay flowers, the white-curtained house—all were engulfed in the awful blackness that covered the world.

Christina did not question or doubt—she knew it was truth that the girl had spoken. Like a jagged lightning flash, leaving utter darkness behind, it had flooded her mind. But in that flash, all that had ever puzzled, wounded, frightened her, stood explained.

"Christina!" It was a long time afterwards.

"Yes, Mother." The words came mechanically as she stood up. Then a great sob shook her. This was not her mother.

"What's the matter, Christina? Are you hurt?" Mrs. Hinton asked.

The child turned agonised eyes upon her. "Ada told me," she gasped.

Mrs. Hinton needed no further explanation; Christina's face told its own tale. She was genuinely concerned, but no intuition told her that nothing but loving arms about the child's quivering body and crowded kisses on her lips could sooth such a hurt. She sat down on the swing and took Christina's hand kindly.

"Christina," she said, "I want you to try to be very sensible about this. You are only thirteen, and we did not mean you to know for many years, but some day you would have been sure to find out. Try to see that your knowing about it need make no real difference. You have always been treated just like Audrey, and you always will be. We shall never make any difference. Now be a brave girl, and don't cry any more, because everything will always be just the same."

So Christina was a brave girl, and did not cry any more, and everything was always just the same, though to Christina this last fact did not represent the extremity of bliss that Mrs. Hinton supposed.

Christina now held the key to many mysteries, but there was one more, for the elucidation of which she turned elsewhere.

"Cook," she said, "you've been here since father and mother were married, haven't you?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Will you tell me something, Cook?"

"What is it, Miss Christina?"

"Why did they adopt me?"

Cook laughed comfortably.

"Lor' bless you, Miss; I remember as well as if it was yesterday the fuss there was about you. They went together to look at the foundlings, and Mrs. Hinton was fairly wild about your gold hair and your pretty face. 'Cook,' she says to me twenty times that day if she says it once, 'are you sure they'll send the right one? She's a picture, Cook,' she says; 'and as sure as anyone else sees her they'll want her, and, perhaps, they'll get her, and another one be sent to me.' 'Same as the butcher does with the joints,' the master chaffs her. But there! You came all right, Miss Christina, and such a to-do and a kissing of you as there was. If Miss Audrey hadn't come along later, I don't know but what you'd have been kissed to death."

Christina nodded casually, and strolled out of the kitchen.

"That's a queer child," commented Cook to the new housemaid. "Anybody 'd think it was some stranger I'd been telling her about."

That night, as the housemaid plaited Christina's hair before the glass, she glanced at the delicate, oval face. Christina's eyes were shut, and the housemaid sighed enviously as she looked at the long lashes.

"Tired, Miss Christina?" she asked.

"No," said Christina, shortly, but she did not open her eyes. They shrank from the sight of her beautiful hair.

"They chose me for that," her soul cried, bitterly—"just like Audrey choosing a doll. And if they had known Audrey would be born they would never have chosen me at all."

It was that night, too, that the awe and mystery of names spoke to Christina.

"Christina Hinton," she repeated to herself in bed many times. "That's *me*. At least, it would be me if I were anybody." She turned restlessly. "Oh, I could think it out so much better if I were *really* Christina Hinton. I'm *me*, of course, but my name is something quite different, which I shall never know. Oh, how cruel not to know one's name." A ray of hope came to her. "But then, why did they call me Christina? Perhaps there was some message—something on my clothes—" The excitement of this possibility kept her wakeful. "Christina," she thought; "I wonder what it means?" and with the wonder came the determination to satisfy it. She thought deeply. Presently she lighted her candle, and crept down stairs. Surely there must be some book that held what she wanted to know? For half-an-hour she sought doggedly, then she opened a dictionary at its list of contents, and was rewarded.

"Addenda; Abbreviations; Prefixes; Suffixes; The more common English Christian Names." With eager fingers she turned to the page.

"Catherine, Cecil, Cecilia, Charles, Christian, *Christina*"—her eyes fastened on it greedily. Then her heart sank with the sickening disappointment.

"Christina (fem. of Christian): Belonging to Christ."

She closed the book slowly, and her lips quivered. So that was why they had called her Christina. She had no link with the earth—belonged to no one in the warm, human world. A great wave of unendurable loneliness swept over her. What could she do? Shivering with cold and misery, she crept back to her room. The open window drew her, and she looked up into the mysterious darkness of the sky. Suddenly she seemed to know what it was she must do. How was it she had escaped her? How simple it seemed suddenly. She had only to ask. In still exaltation she knelt by the window.

"If I belong to You," she whispered, "wouldn't You please like me back?"

Then she waited.

"Ask, and it shall be given you." The words rang triumphantly in her ears. Well, she had asked to die, and now she had only to wait. All thought of former petitions, still unanswered, was forgotten. This was different. Already she felt sick and weak; it was the beginning of Death. Would it get much worse? She was not afraid; she could bear it . . .

From far away came the sound of a cock crowing. Christina started violently, and staggered to her feet. To her heightened imagination the sound was derisive—taunting. Gone was the mood of high exaltation; she flushed in an agony of sensitive shame and wrath, as she turned away. Nobody wanted her, not even He to whom she belonged.

In that dawn Christina's childhood fell away from her, and she came into her weary inheritance of being a Burden.

A burden she undoubtedly was, however heroically Mr. and Mrs. Hinton strove to disguise the fact. Try as she would, Christina could not remember a single incident belonging to her first three years of life, the years when she was not a burden, because as yet there was no Audrey. But since then—how crowded were the memories.

Those first party frocks that she and Audrey had had. They were white muslin, but in the shop there had been a white silk one for which Audrey clamoured.

"My darling," Mrs. Hinton had whispered, "you must be good about it, because Christina needs a dress too, and the silk one costs twice as much as the muslin." And Christina had wondered why she sighed.

But she did not wonder now. Through all the trivial happenings of the days she could read Mrs. Hinton's unspoken thought: "If it were only for one—!"

Save for the burden of Christina, Audrey could have had a silk dress instead of a muslin; could have gone to a fashionable boarding-school instead of the neighbouring high school; could have—Christina's heart sickened at the length of the list.

"Won't you please give it to Audrey and let me go without?" she nerved herself to ask once or twice, concerning small matters. But it was useless.

"So that people could say we made a Cinderella of you?" Mrs. Hinton would enquire, reproachfully.

That was the Hinton's bugbear. They were slaves to the true Suburban Spirit. When Mrs. Hinton was feeling the burden of Christina more severely than usual, it comforted her intensely to remember that "people couldn't say anything." There was strict equality in all material things between the two girls. Only in love, which resists measurement by yards or shillings, did Christina go short.

"You are wonderful; you never make the least difference," Mr. Hinton would sometimes say admiringly to his wife; and Mrs. Hinton would give a rather chastened sigh.

"It was my own fault," she would answer. "I was too impatient and discontented; I ought to have waited for—for Audrey. And as I didn't, Henry, I must bear my punishment. Only it is rather hard that you should suffer too. And, as we're on the subject, I must just say, dearest, that I think you bear it splendidly."

So with encouraging words and looks they sustained each other beneath the burden of Christina. It was only Christina who had no one to sustain her in the bleak vocation of acting as chastener and punishment to her benefactors, of being the furnace, as it were, in which the Hinton gold was tried and refined.

Once, soon after she left school, a solution of the problem occurred to her, and irradiated two whole days of her life. Then she ventured to speak of it.

"Earn your own living, Christina?" Mrs. Hinton's voice was cold. "Really you do not show much consideration for us. Have you not thought that whatever you took up would require a course of training, and be an additional expense? Your father has already spent more than he can afford on your education, and with Audrey still at school, and the extra fees for dancing and music and painting—"

Christina crimsoned. "But I thought—I meant"—she faltered—"that afterwards I'd be able to support myself, and perhaps—father would let me pay back the cost of the training—"

She quailed before the look in Mrs. Hinton's eyes. "You often hurt me very much, Christina," she said. "I should have thought you would realise there are some debts that money cannot pay—"

"Oh, I do! I do!" cried the conscience-smitten Christina. She was always finding herself suspected of mislaying the gratitude that ought undoubtedly to be her constant companion. "Only so many parents let their children earn their own living now—"

Mrs. Hinton peremptorily cut her short. "If you think we should ever allow Audrey—"

"Oh, no, no! Not Audrey, of course, Mother. Only me, because"—she hesitated; it was useless to plead a difference that Mrs. Hinton would only have denied—"because I want to," she said, lamely.

"A rather selfish reason," was the dry comment. "You do not even pretend to think of us—of what people would say if

we allowed you to go out into the world, and kept Audrey at home. It is not likely, Christina, that after all these years we should begin to make a difference between you now."

So Christina was sacrificed on the altar of the Suburban Spirit, and there was only one way in which she could help those to whom her debt was so heavy.

"When there is anything that costs money," Christina told herself, firmly, "I must say I don't like it, and I must make them believe me."

The Christina who developed on these lines was a very different person from Christina the child. The child was still there, as the child always is, but the armour Christina had woven for herself was a very creditable affair. Her gradual assumption of a dislike for games, her growing interest in housewifely pursuits, in millinery and dressmaking—all these went to the making of her armour. She conceived a violent dislike for London—it saved the fare; to parties—it saved evening dresses; to books—this was the hardest link to forge, but it had to be done; the Hinton's were not readers, and she could not involve them in the expense of subscriptions or purchases.

"Christina is quite my home girl," Mrs. Hinton often said in these days to visitors, and Christina would bend her head lower over her work, or vanish on some household errand.

"But so quiet and shy," Mr. Hinton had to explain. "We cannot prevail upon her to share Audrey's games or parties; she loves home best."

By the time Christina was twenty-four she was very sure of herself and her armour. It was quite invulnerable to the Suburban Spirit, and she knew no other.

One afternoon Mrs. Hinton, quite excited, came out into the garden where Christina was sewing.

"Christina," she said, "who do you think has just been here?"

Christina was unable to imagine. According to precedent, she had to guess for several minutes.

"You'll never think," triumphed Mrs. Hinton, "so I may as well tell you. Michael Drewett, the great painter."

The name was meaningless to Christina. It costs money to go and see the work of painters, or to buy the books that speak of them.

"And what do you suppose he wants?" challenged Mrs. Hinton.

Christina shook her head.

"To paint you."

"To paint me?" Christina asked, blankly.

"Yes; it's an affectation to pretend you don't know you're good-looking, Christina." Mrs. Hinton's tone was a little peevish, and Christina knew she was thinking of Audrey, who had ordinary brown hair, and rather too large a mouth. But Mrs. Hinton was too much interested to go on being peevish. "It appears that his studio overlooks this garden, Christina—it's one of those windows over there—and he says he's often seen you out here, and now he wants to know if he may paint you. Of course, in just an ordinary artist it would be an impertinence, but from him it's a great honour, and I felt I had no right to refuse it for you, though I really don't quite know what people will say."

"Why? Isn't it proper to be painted?" Christina asked.

"Of course it is; don't be absurd, Christina. Only the point is that he absolutely refuses to have anyone in the room while he's painting—except the sitter, of course. It's very unconventional; but then the world is accustomed to allow a little latitude to really famous people, so I hope no one will say anything. If they do, of course I shall discontinue the sittings at once; but we shall see."

It appeared that Christina was to present herself at the studio at ten o'clock next morning in a blue cotton frock.

"You are certainly a very fortunate girl," Mrs. Hinton said, and a faint sigh escaped her.

Christina knew so well the meaning of those sighs. Even the beauty for which the Hinton's had chosen her was now an added burden to them; it was not fair to Audrey.

"Thank you for coming," said Michael Drewett, and looked at her long and frankly.

Christina's eyes did not drop, nor her colour change. This was another of the people who chose human beings as children choose dolls—for their hair or their eyes. Deep down beneath her armour Christina despised him for it with a contempt that scorned expression.

"It is I who must thank you for such an honour," she said, composedly.

The man's look changed to one of uncertainty. Then he nodded. "Yes, quite natural," he said, as though in answer, and Christina felt a little shock of apprehension. It sounded as though he could see what lay behind her armour, but that, of course, was absurd.

"What is quite natural?" she asked, in her level voice. He dismissed the question as trivial with a jerk of his shoulders. "Oh, you know. What's the good of wasting time? Well,

well, never mind. Don't talk to me, then, if you don't want to. Give me two sittings—well, perhaps three, and then we'll see. Now take off your hat, please, and stand sideways—so. Oh, don't be afraid. I shan't touch you; I'm not a photographer. Let your arms fall and hold these flowers loosely. Yes, let a few of them drop; that's right."

Christina obeyed him scrupulously.

He began to work, with the kind of tense energy that was in his voice, his eyes, his movements.

Presently it occurred to Christina that complete silence would not be included among the number of things that Mrs. Hinton considered entirely proper. She made conversation conscientiously, and was relieved that he answered—politely, if rather abstractedly.

"That'll do for to day, thanks," he said, suddenly. "Good morning."

Christina would not allow herself the *gaucherie* of instant departure.

"I'm not to see it yet?" she asked, politely.

"No."

"Is that a punishment?" She smiled. "Because, after all, I *have* talked, haven't I?"

"Talked?" His eyebrows rose in humorous amazement. "Do you call that *talk*?"

Christina flushed. "Good morning," she said, stiffly.

"Oh, one moment!" He glanced thoughtfully from the easel to her face. "I should suggest your saying nothing about how many sittings I shall require."

"Why?" Christina's voice was ice. It seemed to annoy the artist.

"Oh, do as you like," he said, impatiently. "But if you tell, you'll be sorry."

Somewhat to her own surprise Christina did not tell. And at the third sitting she was not sorry.

"There!" he said, turning his easel suddenly towards her; "now look."

Christina looked, and for an instant her heart stood still.

"I—I didn't look like that!" she defended herself, in swift fear. She bent nearer, fascinated. The painted shoulders were as straight as the real ones, yet they conveyed somehow the suggestion of a droop; the hands that held the flowers and had let some fall were weary of that task as of all others; the smile in the eyes was the most piteous, ineffectual veil to immeasurable depths of hopelessness.

"I didn't look like that!" Christina repeated, helplessly.

He smiled a little. "No, you didn't look like that," he agreed. "But I had to paint what you felt, not what you looked, or how was I to prove I understood? *Now* will you talk to me?"

Christina looked at the girl in the picture. "You do understand," she whispered, fearfully. "How did you know?"

"Know? Because I was born to know. Painting, music, writing—they're only settings—frames. What they hold is understanding."

Christina gave a little gasp. Her armour was falling to pieces before such unaccustomed onslaughts.

"Then you didn't want to paint me for my—hair or eyes?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Aren't there tons of gold hair in the world? And thousands of blue eyes? Why, I couldn't even see you properly from my window. But I saw your attitude once or twice when you were quite alone and off your guard, and it interested me. I wanted to paint you."

The words brought a new and troubling thought to Christina. How could she bear that the Hinton should see this portrait?

"Did you tell?" he asked, as though she had spoken.

"No," said Christina, starting.

"And aren't you glad?"

She flushed. "But you see—in the end—they must know—"

He shook his head. "They needn't. I'm going to paint you again—for them."

"Oh," said Christina.

"Yes." He made a glance. "Pretty girl, blue dress, pink carnations; arranging them in a vase, you'll be, with a dreamy smile and—oh, don't make me go on. You've seen dozens of 'em. 'Morning,' they're called, or 'Spring,' or—oh, but, I say, I make one stipulation!"

"What's that?" asked Christina, with dancing eyes.

"It must never be exhibited—except in the drawing-room."

Christina nodded. Her eyes were drawn irresistibly to the finished portrait.

"That one's yours, you know," he said, softly. "But I'll keep it here for you, shall I?"

"Yes, please," said Christina, in a kind of wonder. How he thought of things! Of course she could not hope to get it home unperceived, or keep it so if she did.

"I'll begin the other one this morning," he said. "Talk to me; it's quite mechanical work."

Christina talked. With her eyes on the eyes of her portrait it was not hard. But once, when she looked away, she stumbled and broke down.

"Look at her," said the painter, quietly, without breaking off his work.

Christina looked, and the girl in the picture went on speaking.

"People are beginning to say your portrait is taking a very long time," Mrs. Hinton complained.

Christina's heart gave a wild bound, but her voice was steady.

"Mr. Drewett never lets me see it," she said. "Shall I ask if it is nearly finished?"

"Yes, do."

"They want to know if the picture is nearly done," said Christina the next morning.

Michael Drewett hesitated an instant. Then he swung his easel towards her, and Christina looked at a blank canvas.

"You—you haven't begun it?" she faltered.

He crossed the room and came back with another canvas.

"It was finished in two days," he said.

Christina had no wonder for the moment. The portrait held her, and she laughed delightedly.

"How clever you are!" she cried. "It's just like me, and yet—oh, they *will* like it!"

He turned its face to the wall. "Yes, won't they?" he said, grimly. "Isn't it ghastly?"

They laughed a little together. Then Christina rose. "It was very good of you to—to spare me from showing them the other," she said. "I can't thank you—"

"Yes, you can." He pointed to the first portrait. "It's our last morning. Will you stay and talk a little while?"

Christina's lips quivered. "When I think about myself, I am ashamed," she said, in a low voice. "I think I must have told you everything that ever happened to me." She flushed painfully.

"Don't be sorry," he said, quickly.

Christina crossed the room to the portrait that had somehow stripped her of her armour. "Oh, how could you?" she whispered.

The artist was close behind her. "Tell me one more thing," he said. "What do you want most in all the world?"

Christina struggled with herself. But the answer was trembling on the painted lips, written in the painted eyes.

"Something of my very own," she whispered, passionately. "Something natural and mine by right, that I haven't to be grateful for. Oh, something *belonging* to me!"

Her voice broke. For an instant there was silence. Then he moved to where he could see her face.

"Do you think I'd do, Christina?" he asked.

THE MEDIEVAL HOSPITALS OF ENGLAND.

OF post-Reformation hospitals, many of the finest remain in their original condition, though every now and then one goes down before the ruthless standard labelled "Improvement" which is now threatening Whitgift's foundation at Croydon. But of mediæval hospitals, so many have disappeared that Miss Rotha Mary Clay, in her book "The Mediæval Hospitals of England," which has just been published by Methuen, is right in saying that, "It will surprise many to learn that—apart from actual monasteries and friaries—there existed upwards of 750 such charitable institutions in Mediæval England." The tabulated list of them occupies an appendix of 60 pages, while the 276 pages of the main section of the book are taken up with a consideration of their place in our history, their cause and their character, their rise and their fall, their classification and their organisation. Stress is laid on the fact that the mediæval hospital "was an ecclesiastical, not a medical, institution. It was for care rather than cure: for the relief of the body, when possible, but pre-eminently for the refreshment of the Soul. . . . Faith and love were more predominant features in hospital life than were skill and science." At first they were, as their name implies, houses of hospitality for wayfarers of all kinds, but most especially for pilgrims. It was for a very different England from that which we know to-day that tradition claims the hospital at Flixton in Holderness to have been founded in the tenth century, for we hear that its object was "to preserve travellers from being devoured by the wolves and other voracious forest beasts." Hospitals multiplied exceedingly during the century that followed the murder of Becket, when pilgrimages became not merely the fashion but the rage. Becket's shrine was responsible for a considerable number. "The hospitals of Canterbury and Southwark bearing the martyr's name were among the earliest. Within a few years such houses (often called *L'omus Dei*) were founded in most of the southern ports and along the Pilgrim's Way, as at Dover, Ospringe and Maidstone." But the one now best known in this neighbourhood, Lanfranc's delightful little foundation at Harbledown, near Canterbury, which, despite much new building, retains so strong a mediæval flavour, arose from a different and a sadder cause. It was one of the Lepers' houses, of which Miss Clay tells us that there were over 200—another forcible reminder that if England is less picturesque it is much safer and healthier to live in now than

then. Another class of foundation was for those whom age rendered infirm, and these were often due to the care of great churchmen for their poorer brethren and were a kind of diocesan clergy-homes. Such was the fourteenth century hospital of St. Giles's, Norwich, which still preserves its quiet court and ancient cloister. It was founded "principally to minister the necessities of life to priests of the diocese of Norwich, who, broken down with age, or destitute of bodily strength, or labouring under continual disease, cannot celebrate divine service."

This book is really a valuable contribution to the social history of mediæval England, and is full of interesting and quite human touches. How superior to mere business considerations, how admirable from the temperance point of view, must have been Symond Potyn, innkeeper of Rochester, who drew up the rules of St. Katherine's and ordained for its almsmen: "That none of them haunt the tauerne to go to ale, but when theie have talent or desier to drynke, theire shall bye theare drynke, and bringe yt to the spitell." "Talent to drink" is an excellent phrase!

RILLOBY-RILL.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT. ILLUSTRATED BY LADY HYLTON.



Grasshoppers four a-fiddling went,
Heigh-ho! never be still!
They earned but little towards their rent
But all day long with their elbows bent
They fiddled a tune called Rilloby-rilloby,
Fiddled a tune called Rilloby-rill.

Grasshoppers soon on Fairies came,
Heigh-ho! never be still!
Fairies asked with a manner of blame
"Where do you come from, what is your name,
What do you want with your Rilloby-rilloby,
What do you want with your Rilloby-rill?"

"Madam, you see before you stand,
Heigh-ho! never be still!
The Old Original Favourite Grand
Grasshopper's Green Herbarian Band,
And the tune we play is Rilloby-rilloby,
Madam, the tune is Rilloby-rill."

Fairies hadn't a word to say,
Heigh-ho! never be still!
Fairies seldom are sweet by day,
But the Grasshoppers merrily fiddled away,
O but they played with a willoby-rilloby,
O but they played with a willoby-will!

Fairies slumber and sulk at noon,
Heigh-ho! never be still!
But at last the kind old motherly moon
Brought them dew in a silver spoon,
And they turned to ask for Rilloby-rilloby,
One more round of Rilloby-rill.

Ah! but nobody now replied,
Heigh-ho! never be still!
When day went down the music died,
Grasshoppers four lay side by side,
And there was an end of their Rilloby-rilloby,
There was an end of their Rilloby-rill.

GERMAN PHOTOGRAPHS AT THE ROYAL

WHEN in our number of November 20th we reproduced some examples of the English natural history photographs shown at the exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society, we promised to follow them with selections of German photographers shown in the same exhibition. This promise we fulfil in the present number. A glance at the pictures now reproduced will show our readers that the patiently assimilative German mind has thoroughly grasped the possibilities of natural history photography, and has been able to obtain results that, to say the least of it, may be compared on equal terms with the productions of our own artists. The pictures ought to be especially interesting to writers of books on natural history, as they show how possible it would be to illustrate these in a really splendid manner, and, apart from its scientific value to the student of natural history, the successful photography of wild life has the great delight that it appeals in peculiarly direct

fashion to the poet and to the lover of Nature for her own sake. A painting, we mean, shows us the scene dressed up and at its best—posed for its portrait. We see it as the finished product of the artist's temperament. The fine photograph, however—and this is my point—catches the scene when it does not know it; undressed, unaware, surprised, it stands there in a kind of startled and naked revelation. A true aspect has been caught and seized before it has time to look self-conscious.

With people and animals, of course, this is sufficiently obvious. To see them as they really are, one must see them without their being aware of the fact. A man, for instance, sitting alone, wears his true, psychic expression; but the instant another human being appears upon his horizon it changes automatically and inevitably. In spite of himself he dons a sort of involuntary mask, behind which he watches—concealed. Of certain scenery, moreover, the same kind of thing holds true,



G. Wiroing.

WILD BOAR.

Exhibited at the New Gallery.

Aus H. Meerwarth, *Lebensbilder aus der Tierwelt*, R. Voigtlander, Verlag, Leipzig.

and with forests, probably, more than with mountains, seas and plains. Trees certainly possess that character of elusive and mysterious personality which upon too close attention can appear self-conscious. The mind of a painter closely concentrated upon their detail may become too intimate with them, with the result that some inner life of their own withdraws elsewhere into the forest, leaving him nothing to paint but branches, leaves and stems.

The deer, the wild boar, the fox cub are unconscious of being watched, and the forest "comes with them," also unaware, unwarned, unconscious. With those deer, so alertly peering, though not yet startled, comes the breath of scented wind from the shy spaces of woodland beyond the picture, cooled as it passes over the silent pool at their feet. With the sight of that wild boar, so peacefully drinking, the great snout actually in the water, the eyes not even raised to watch, or with the little fox



M. Steckel.

SIBERIAN IBEX.

Exhibited at the New Gallery.

Aus H. Meerwarth, Lebensbilder aus der Tierwelt, R. Voigtlanders, Verlag, Leipzig.

But the sharp and swift photograph often catches this very element before it knows, or has time to vanish. And to surprise a wild creature in its woodland haunt is to surprise a genuine bit of forest with it at the same time. This, for many, will be the chief delight of photographs of wild life such as those here reproduced. The sincerity of these prints is beyond praise, and for patience, knowledge and technical skill they equal anything of the kind that is being done to-day.

cub in his patch of sunshine, with his furry back turned away all unwitting from the revealing lens, both creatures true and natural, comes also the spirit of the forest true and natural.

And from these, with its knapsack of memories, the mind passes easily on and loses itself in the faint tractless deeps of the crowding woods beyond, and not of these woods alone but of all the great forests of Germany that stretch in vast



M. Steckel.

ALPINE CHAMOIS.

Aus H. Meerwarth, Lebensbilder aus der Jägerswelt, R. Voigtländers, Verlag, Leipzig.

Exhibited at the New Gallery.

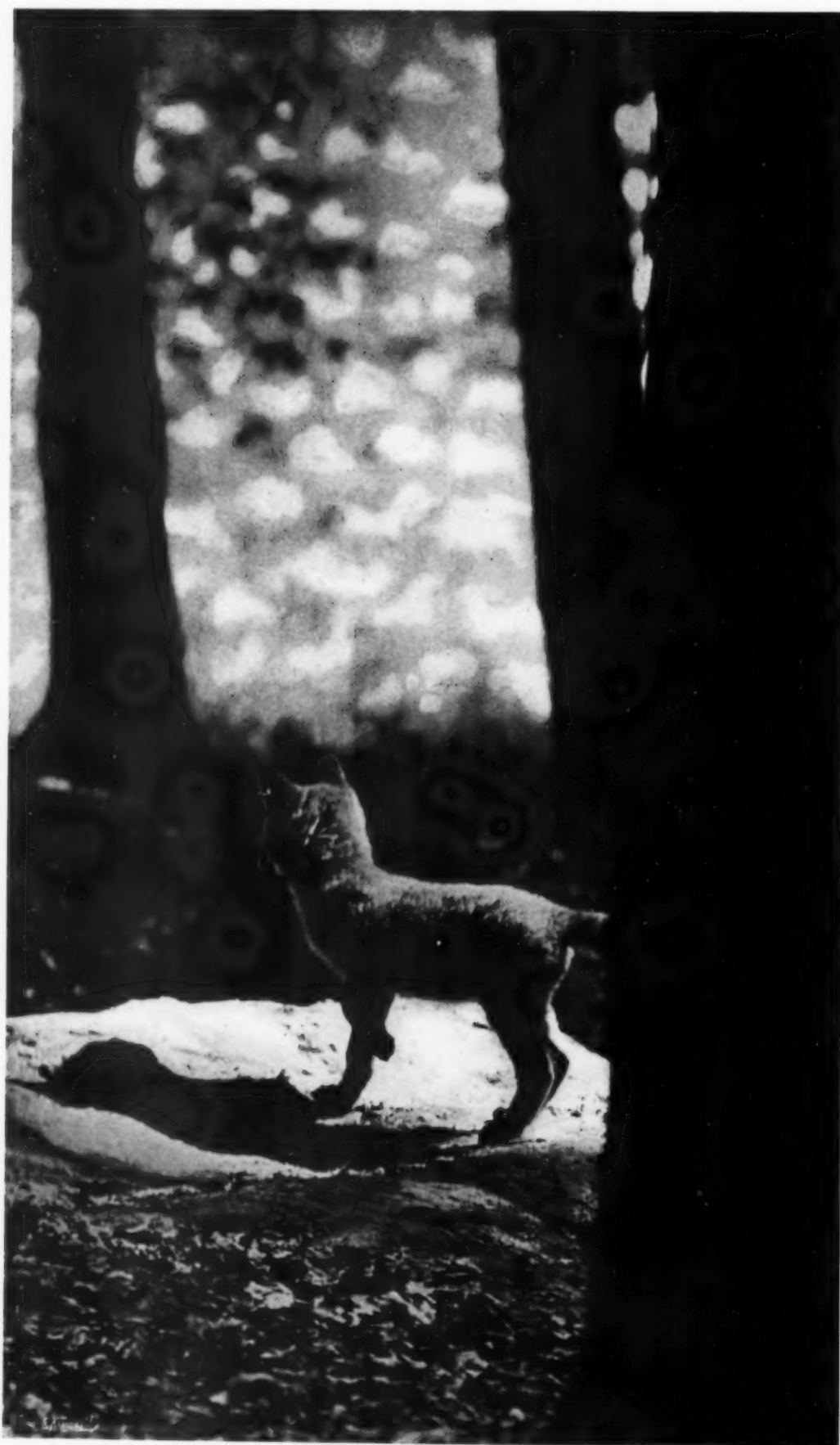
patches from the Harz and the Thuringian Mountains in the north down the silver streak of the Rhine, through all the wonderland of the Schwarzwald, almost to the dark rolling frontiers of the Jura beyond Bâle. Germany is particularly rich in woodland,

Wald, and in the northern portion the Frankenwald. These are immense wooded tracts bordering the Rhine and the Elbe. The Black Forest fills Baden, running down the whole length, and flows over also into Württemberg. In the Grand Duchy of

Hesse lies the mighty Odenwald between the Maine and Neckar, and in the Duchy of Nassau are the beautiful mountain ranges of the Taunus and the Westenwald. In Rhenish Prussia the value of the forest land equals that of arable land. Here, indeed, are places yet to wander in unmolested, and the glimpse of that quietly-drinking wild boar makes one here in foggy London think of them, lying silent under carpets of snow, their stately trees all sighing in the winds.

Looking over the big-scale map of Europe, we like to think of these splendid big forests as centres of wonder and mystery still left to us, canals and manufacturing centres, swallowing into their deep hearts all the harsh and clamorous noises of this mechanical century, to give them out again cleaned, hushed and sweetened. The sounds of Nature, we read once in some doubtless fantastic book, all strike the same note—the middle F of the piano: the roar of wind in trees, the thunder of the sea, the voice of rivers, cities, waterfalls. If some giant could strip off the surface of Europe and pass it, like those yellow rolls of hieroglyphics, through a pianola, what a singular music—have you ever thought?—one might hear from all these forests, rivers, towns and seas! It would hardly attract a large audience; but think a moment—to hear the arpeggios of running rain, the bass of storm-winds, the pedal notes, so to say, of deep rivers, and, through it all, like little melodies of folk-song, the silvery singing of woodland streams! And what splendid bars of pause and silence when the plains intervened! Only, the question of a suitable space would be a difficulty; and few could hear the bigger roaring sounds as notes, still fewer, perhaps, the tinkling of the rills as melody.

Again, as the sun sinks, these forests alter in shape and stretch long, fringed fingers right across the map, as though to gather all the shadows of Germany into their recesses. For in woods like these must surely be born all those purple veils that clothe the hills and play so softly through great distances and over far horizons. Shadow factories! All grades and textures produced in unlimited quantities! For the shadows of forests vary most beautifully: the matchless kind, all of a piece, woven without line or seam, that come from pine woods; the mottled variety born beneath the roof-tree of oaks and birches; and the exquisitely speckled pattern, fine as thought, spun 'twixt dusk and dawn, beneath the curtains of a beech wood. They



H. Meerwarth.

FOX CUB.

Exhibited at the New Gallery.

Aus H. Meerwarth, Lebensbilder aus der Tierwelt, R. Voigtlanders, Verlag, Leipzig.

something over a quarter of its extent being tree-grown, whereas in Great Britain it is only 5 per cent. They take trouble with their forests in Germany. Bavaria alone has the Spessartwald, one of the most extensive forests in middle Germany, the Baierischer

without line or seam, that come from pine woods; the mottled variety born beneath the roof-tree of oaks and birches; and the exquisitely speckled pattern, fine as thought, spun 'twixt dusk and dawn, beneath the curtains of a beech wood. They



Dr. Bethge.

A FAMILY OF STORKS.

Exhibited at the New Gallery.

Aus H. Meerwarth, Lebensbilder aus der Tierwelt, R. Voigtländers, Verlag, Leipzig.



M. Stechel.

RED DEER.

Exhibited at the New Gallery.

Aus H. Meerwarth, Lebensbilder aus der Tierwelt, R. Voigtländers, Verlag, Leipzig.

are endless. . . . and one thinks of these big forests, where "old old winds go singing to old old trees," as reservoirs of the haunting beauties now so fast leaving the world; not superstitions which are tinged by vulgarity, but those sweeter mysteries of life which refuse to be analysed or labelled, elect among the imagination of the ancient and primitive world. Among these inner fastnesses of the mighty forests still lie hidden the sources of infinite poetry and romance, fled thither from the devastating march of that merciless modern machinery which (in America at least)

"weighs the soul" and reduces spiritual emotion to a vibration in the solar plexus. Rivers, once great and haunted, loved of the old Gods, but now stained by the manufacturing towns, modern villas and ugly motor-boats, have long since lost their power, except where they pass in moments of dream between wooded banks; but no forest can suffer such audacious intrusion yet remain a true forest. Rivers may be stained thus with impunity, but none can stain the interior of forests. Even their dead they cover swiftly, sweetly.

NATURE'S ACROBATS.

IN "The Garden that I Love," which, by the by, is neither the Poet Laureate's nor yet my own, there stands a little group of trees, mostly larches, firs, chestnuts and beeches, with here and there an oak; not crowded together, but so arranged as to admit plenty of sunlight and air—an ideal feeding-place for the tits, Nature's little acrobats. Here any day in winter may be found great tits, coal-tits, blue tits, marsh-tits and long-tailed tits, all in pursuit of food or pleasure, making the "bare ruin'd choirs" echo and re-echo with their sharp metallic call-notes. It is during the winter months that these birds may be so easily watched and their confusing call-notes learned. In town gardens it is quite easy to attract great and blue tits with either suet, cocoanuts, or a suitable bone, provided these are placed in a convenient spot, inaccessible to the marauding cat; but, after all, it is in their own natural



E. L. Turner. YOUNG GREAT TIT GETTING HIS BALANCE.

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surroundings that birds show to best advantage, and if the human animal desirous of acquiring bird-lore will only wrap himself up warmly, find the sunny side of a tree or fence, plant himself with his back against it and wait, he is sure to see much that will amuse and repay him for the slight inconvenience of cold hands and feet. It is possible to see much more of bird-life by standing still in a quiet corner than in a ten-mile sharp walk, because whenever you go in the woods, you are followed by scores of bright eyes, intent upon every

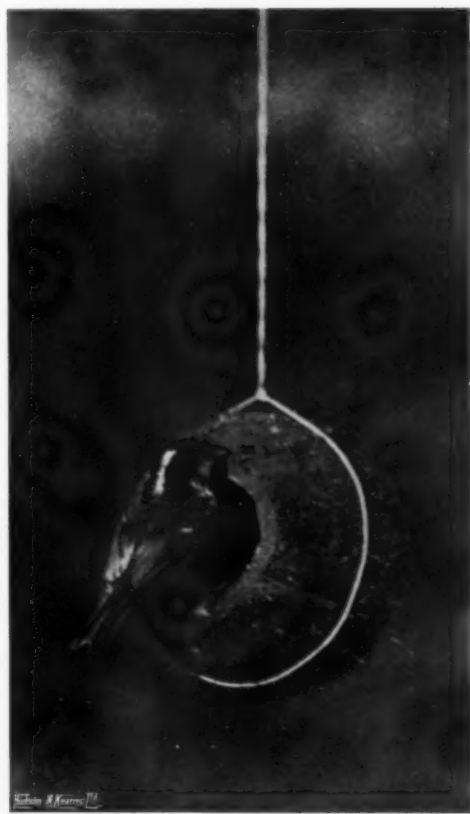
movement; but stay still a little while and the owners of these bright eyes will soon consider you a harmless lunatic, regain lost confidence and go on unconcernedly with their business. The great tit, shouting, "Teacher, teacher, teacher, teach," is sure to be there, though the glories of his splendid suit of green, yellow and black will be slightly dimmed, because of the fringes which



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A MASTER OF POISE.

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E. L. Turner. COLE-TIT.

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E. L. Turner. LONG-TAILED TIT'S PRICKLY HOME.

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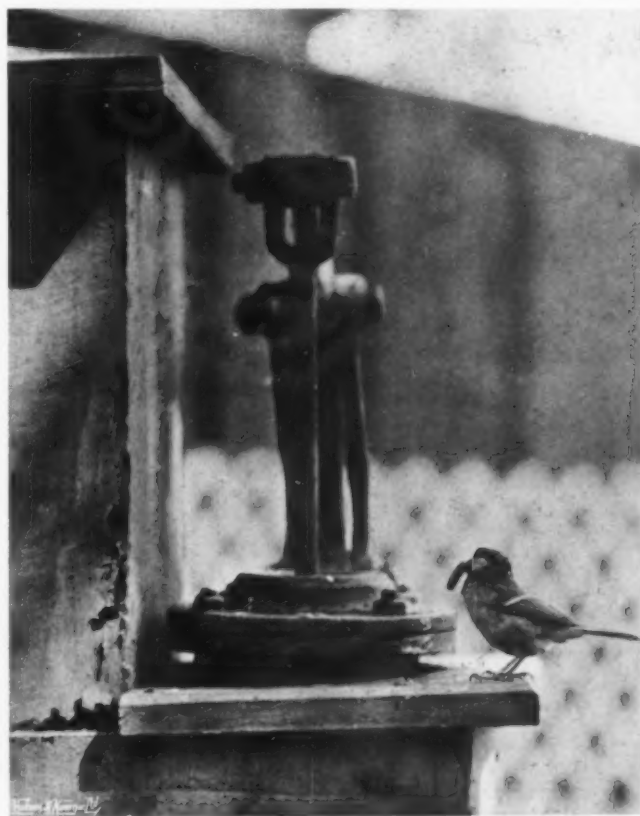
edge the new feathers, donned after the autumn moult; these form a sort of overall during the winter, then gradually wear off as spring approaches, and thus reveal the "latest thing" in black waistcoat and cap, shining greenish grey coat and yellow vest. The blue tit will seize an acorn from beneath your very feet, carry it in his claws to some chosen spot, and proceed to hammer pieces out of it with his strong bill. The cole-tit is easily distinguished by the broad white band down the back of his head, as if he parted his hair behind and brushed it to either side; he also will be busily engaged, either hunting for insects and seeds on the ground, or performing all kinds of gymnastic feats as he picks seeds from the larch cones. High up among the topmost branches of larch or beech, the more retiring marsh-tit utters his plaintive little song, which in early spring is rather overwhelmed by the noisier plaudits of his brethren. The head of the marsh-tit is black, and the rest of his body olive green. He is the smallest of the group and does not, as his name suggests, belong to marshy districts, but rather prefers the outskirts of woods and gardens. Both the cole and marsh tit are



E. L. Turner. BLUE TITS ON COCOANUT.

Copyright.

easily attracted to country gardens by means of assorted dainties. All the members of this group nest in holes, and, as is usual among birds of that habit, both sexes are alike. The great tit occasionally chooses curious nesting sites. I once found one in the drawer of a derelict milk separator. The cup-shaped nest itself was in one corner, but the whole drawer, measuring about 18 in. by 12 in., was entirely filled with moss, leaves and hair. The accompanying illustration shows a great tit about to slip into a hole in the wood casing of a pump, inside which his lively family were loudly clamouring for food. On removing the front board, the nest with its occupants was revealed; but as the young ones were fully fledged, they immediately flew out, and had to be caught and replaced till the photographer had finished with them. Though accomplished acrobats when grown up, like all young things, tits have to go to school and learn how to live. At first they cannot balance themselves on a stick, but topple over as fast as they are placed in position; however, practice



E. L. Turner. GREAT TIT AT PUMP.

Copyright.

makes perfect, and by and by, after repeated failures, nerves and muscles are controlled, and the first lesson in the art of perching is learned.

The first brood hatched out inside this pump came to an untimely end. Something went wrong with the works, water was poured in from the top, and the unfortunate youngsters were drowned, their presence being entirely unsuspected by the pump's owner. Nothing daunted, the courageous (or perhaps foolhardy) parents built again in the same place, and successfully reared a family of six; but as the photographer could only wrestle with three at a time, half the brood remained in obscurity, while the other half is here immortalised. Photographing young birds is an art in itself, and the patience exercised by the one who has to place them in position is hardly conceivable. The photographer only sits holding the pneumatic tube and laughs; but I have seen the perspiration stream down the face of the harassed man who endeavours to make these restless youngsters "sit" for the fraction of a second. The best part of an hour will be passed before one successful photograph can be taken.

Of all the tits, perhaps the long-tailed tit is the most charming. During the winter it is no uncommon sight to see eight or ten of these animated balls of fluff flying from tree to tree, their very long tails distinguishing them at once from any other bird. They are wonderful aerial gymnasts, perfectly at

home anywhere up in the highest trees and the roughest of winds, their long tails seeming to serve the same purpose as the human gymnast's balancing pole.

The bottle-shaped nest of the long-tailed tit, built quite early in the spring, is perhaps the most beautiful dwelling made by any of our native birds. In the beginning it is cup-shaped, like the chaffinch's, and composed throughout of wool, hair, feathers and lichen. Sheep's wool seems to form the basis of the structure, but this is "combed" and drawn out by the bird's bill until almost as fine as cobweb or cocoon silk, yet so compressed and felted together as to be water-tight and impervious to draughts. One of the prettiest sights in Nature is to watch a pair of long-tailed tits shaping the inside of their nest. With bill and claws they "comb" the material, then insert lichens or feathers and press the whole with their tiny breasts till it attains the right curve, after which the long tail is drawn round the inside curve to finish it off. Yet all this is done in a few seconds, though the process is repeated with every bit of added material. Exactly what happens inside when the dome is put on none can say; but the nest is not made so long and deep for the accommodation of the owner's tail, as I fondly thought in my childhood, but for her enormous little family, which huddles together inside the "bottle," while the diminutive parent forms a kind of stopper, as she sits in the narrow entrance with her tail drawn up over her back, the end sometimes protruding outside the nest.

The bearded tit is not, properly speaking, a tit at all; but if the long-tailed tit is the most accomplished gymnast of the family, the bearded tit would easily come out top as a "contortionist" in any bird circus. They can twist themselves into any imaginable shape and attitude when feeding the young, or, grasping a reed on either side of the nest, will tip right over and thrust food down the gaping throats. These interesting birds are confined almost wholly now to the Eastern Counties; but there seems no reason why this should be the case, as they are extremely hardy and brave the severest winters, going about from feeding-ground to feeding-ground in small flocks. Its sharp call-note, "Ping, ping," once heard, can never be forgotten; but the bearded tit has no song to speak of, although in the breeding season, like all birds, it has a love language and a baby language that is seldom heard except by the patient naturalist who hides beside the nest and listens.

There is much in the lives of migrating birds that is full of romance and interest; but, personally, my heart goes out to our resident species, especially on dull winter days,

When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

The highways and byways are not so bare, nor yet so desolate, as they would be if there were no merry tits with their companions to enliven them with musical call-notes and graceful gymnastic performances. E. L. TURNER.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

DECEMBER IN NATURE.

THIS week, now that we are fairly into December, whatever the almanac may say or whatever the weather to-day or to-morrow may be, it is useless to pretend that it is any longer autumn. On December 4th last year the gardens, especially in the South of England, were almost as gay as they had been on August 4th, while even here in the Midlands, in the list of wild flowers still in bloom between December 5th and December 10th, my records give mullein, blackberry, mallow, wild rose, rose campion, devil's-bit scabious and white yarrow. Doubtless the list might have been three times as long, for neither did I search for hidden blossoms nor am I a botanist.



E. L. TURNER.

EAGER LITTLE MOUTHS.

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These thrust themselves upon my notice, and they do not read much like a Christmas catalogue. But last year, it will be remembered, was extraordinarily mild. This year again we have had a soft, open autumn; but there have been sharp spells of frost at intervals and twice we had short flurries of snow, even before the hard spell which set in with November 14th and Nature tucked herself up for her winter sleep at something more like the normal time. Now, with December, beech and elm are bare. So suddenly did they strip themselves (they always do when it comes to the last) that it was as if an order had gone forth bidding them, under penalties, to be sure and be naked by December 1st.

WIND-BLOWN TITS.

In the garden there are more tits upon the lilacs than there are leaves. They really look very much like leaves, the blue tits especially, whether they are performing gymnastics on the bare branches or whether they drift fortuitously across the lawn in the grey December light. They come tumbling from the birch tree down to the bird-table precisely like a leaf before the wind, and as lightly as a leaf they land. Then they go again, for no apparent reason except that the wind has blown them, little whirling flakes of bluish green, to the box hedge or the almond tree. And just now the garden is alive with tits of all our British species—blue tits, great tits, long-tailed, cole and marsh—except the bearded tit of Broadland, which is not a tit at all.

THE BLIGHT OF SCIENTIFIC ACCURACY.

We ought, of course, to call the bird the "bearded reedling." If we prefer, we may speak of it as the "reed-pheasant," and we should carefully explain to any friend who is slipshod enough to talk of "bearded tits" that the birds to which he refers are not titmice, but a connecting link between the weaver-finches and the luntings, or something of the sort. And, personally, I hope that I shall never sink to such depths of pedantry as ever to speak of anything except the bearded tit; just as I abhor the dropping of the "h" from yellow-hammer, or the calling of a hedge-sparrow anything but a hedge-sparrow. I have known one man who always spoke of a "hedge-accentor." He also wore patent leather boots in the country and was invaluable at afternoon tea-parties when you wanted someone to do all the talking. As for yellow-hammer, the derivation is only a guess in any event and, rather than surrender the "h" of my childhood, I vote for the derivation from "hame," in a horse's harness, because a yellow horse-collar is obviously what the bird wears—a derivation which, I believe, was first advanced by a former correspondent in this column, "E. K. R." It may be wrong; but it is better than dropping the "h." The yellow-hammer is a gentleman, and to call him an "ammer" must grate on his ears most painfully.

BEARDED TITS ON THE BROADS.

The bearded tit, then, is a charming little bird and, in spite of the depredations of so-called "ornithologists" and egg-collectors, it yet holds its own well enough upon the Broads. I would not say one word to encourage anyone to take a single egg, still less to kill a bird; but I do not think that the species is in as imminent danger of extinction as is sometimes reported, any more than is the swallow-tail butterfly at Wicken Fen. There were, I hear, a good many bearded tits' nests this year, some of which at least were not robbed; and my own experience is that on a casual visit to the right part of the Broads one is pretty certain to hear, and quite likely to see, the birds, the sharp ringing tit-like note striking the ear at once, and the birds themselves being very easy to distinguish if they come within the range of vision. But however many there still are, there are yet too few. I know a man—happily, very slightly—who, having gone to the Broads for the purpose, shot three bearded tits; and he has them stuffed in a glass case in his hall. It is some comfort to know that since then some of his neighbours have refused to enter that hall.

AN INCIDENT ON THE LINKS.

Playing golf on a course in Suffolk recently we caught up with a four-some which was ahead of us, and while we waited at the tee for it to get out of range or let us through, it went suddenly and unanimously mad. Four players and four caddies began simultaneously to leap like satyrs, brandishing drivers and mashies and things. It looked, at first, as if they were hacking at each other's toes; but gradually the chaos resolved itself into a more or less intelligent and coherent chase of what we saw at last was a rabbit. If you have ever tried, you know that it is not easy to hit a rabbit with a walking-stick, and a golf club is a good deal less manageable as a weapon than a stick; so we waited while the eight of them danced, hallooing and shamelessly chopping divots out of the excellent fair green. But why did not the rabbit get away? Fifty yards off to the right lay a spinney with cover enough for a warren full of rabbits, and again and again the poor little beast



E. L. Turner.

IN A NETWORK OF REEDS.

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got clear of its pursuers in the right direction, only by some unexplainable fatality to swing round into the midst of them again.

WILD THINGS AND THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

The end was inevitable. Utterly worn out, the wretched thing finally took refuge, cowering, in a bunker and was deliberately murdered with a niblick. We were sorry; and afterwards we learned that the victim was blind of one eye, so that, in his terror, he had kept running round and round in a fatal circle. Somehow it seemed to add pathos to his demise that, through the accident of being crippled, he should thus have been killed on the approach of Christmas. We all have, or I hope we have, something of the same instinctive, if absurd, notion that the wild creatures share something of our jollification in the festive season. I know men who shoot on Christmas Day, which personally I think abominable. Nor do I wish to believe that it is all illusion that the robin sings louder and more incessantly on that day than on any other, and that all the small pensioners of the garden, the tits and thrushes, and blackbirds and chaffinches, are more confident then of our Peace and Goodwill. It may be only that on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day, as we give the birds a number of dainties which they do not get at other times, the robins are more quarrelsome and sing more defiantly one at the other; while the rest of the birds, greedy for the good things, are more loath to fly away at human approach. But it is pleasanter to think that they have kindlier motives and that they know that it is Christmas. In any event it is worth being liberal and giving them a sort of Christmas dinner, if only to win this additional seeming tameness and friendly Yuletide comradeship, whatever its source may be.

H. P. R.

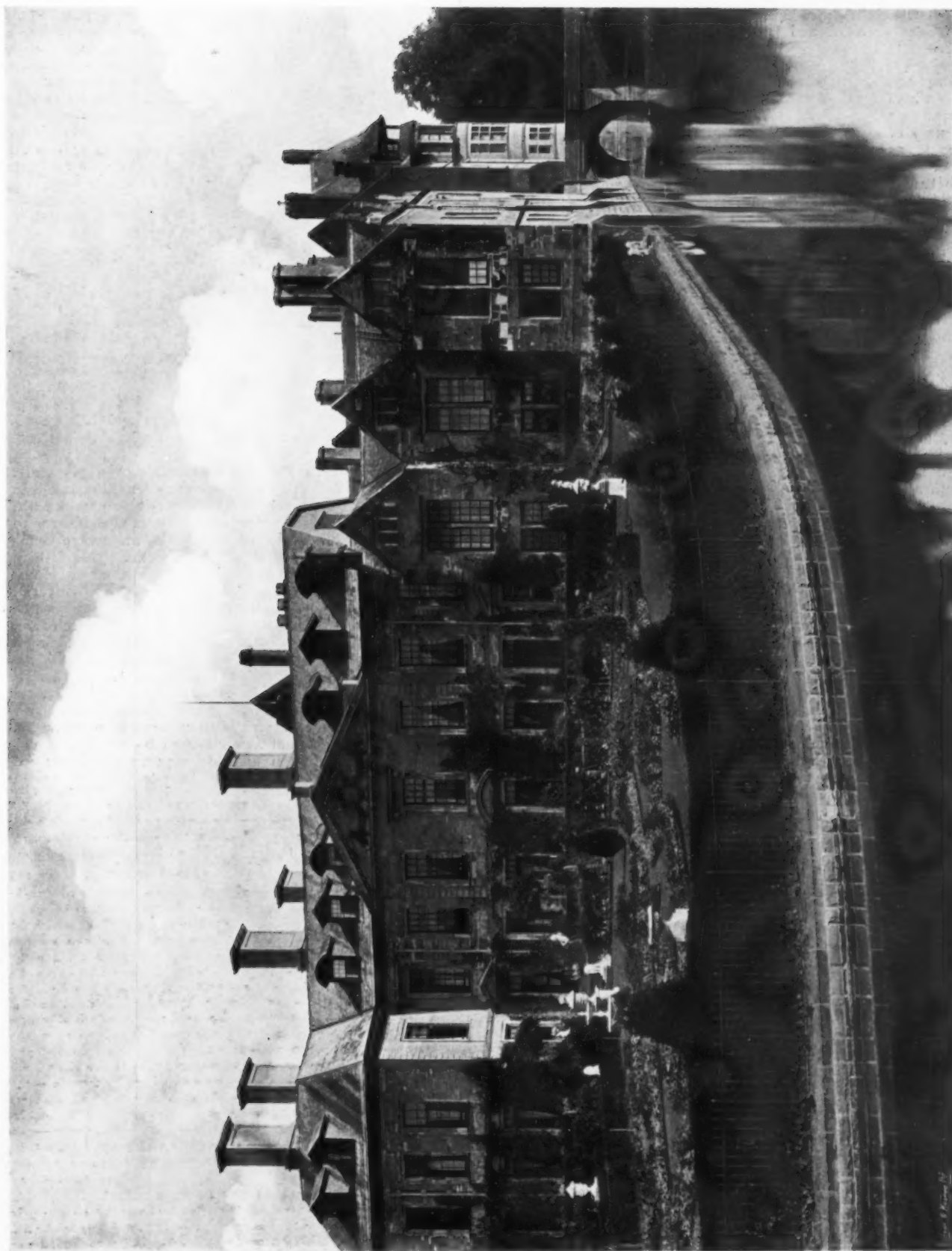


S EVEN centuries of architecture meet in Lord Craven's Warwickshire home. The Norman work of the Cistercian monks who settled there when Stephen was King remains as an undercroft to the east building which Mr. Nesfield erected when Victoria was Queen. The changing fashions of the long interval between these two periods are marked by the late Gothic of the cloisters, the Jacobean features of the forecourt and south-west building, and by the full Palladianism of the west and north elevations. It is an epitome of English building craft, and yet it forms no awkward squad of uncongenial and unselected recruits thrown together carelessly. There has not been wanting an effort at discipline, and Time, the drill-master, is ever at work to replace odd garments with a complete and harmonious uniform. We thus get an edifice which largely gratifies the aesthetic sense, and yet urges us to a study of our national annals in order that we may understand and appreciate its many parts and varied features.

Amid the low-lying pasture-lands and stretches of wood east of Coventry Town were situate Over Smite and Nether Smite. "Antiently two villages," Dugdale tells us they were, though he admits that even in his time traces of them were "scarcely to be discerned." Six hydes of land, and woods half a mile both in length and breadth, did they contain, and when the twelfth century was still young, Roger de Mowbray was their lord, and he granted them on feudal tenancy to Richard de Camvill. It was the moment when the followers of the rule of Abbot Robert of Citeaux first landed on our shores and moved men deeply by their determination to live a life of

religious austerity combined with practical toil. In deserts and woody places they were to build their abbeys by the labour of their own hands, and through the same instrumentality they were to maintain themselves. So strongly did their holy life impress the popular mind that the house of Citeaux is said to have thrown out 500 offshoots within fifty-five years of its foundation. These were spread over Western Europe, and England was not behind. From the moment that the first community settled on English soil, at Waverley in Surrey, pious landowners vied with each other in offering suitable sites to the brethren. Thus, a few months ago, readers of *COUNTRY LIFE* saw them settling at Forde and at Thame, and Richard de Camvill was of those who were eager to be their benefactors. This "devout and pious man, much affecting the Cistercian Monks," as Dugdale describes him, saw that his lands at Smite were remote, low, woody and convenient for pasturage. Such were the *desiderata* of the brethren, and the whole lordship of Smite became theirs about the year 1150. Building operations began, and it cannot have been long before there arose the noble doorway, flanked by deeply-recessed and many-columned window apertures, which is here illustrated. It brings home to us the beginning of the Abbey's four centuries of monastic existence, as the cloister windows on the north and west sides of the forecourt mark its close. They are in the manner in which wealthy abbots built so largely during the years when Henry VIII. remained an ardent supporter of the Papacy and thought that his cardinal minister might sit in the chair of St. Peter even as he himself hoped to reach the throne of the Holy Roman Empire. When



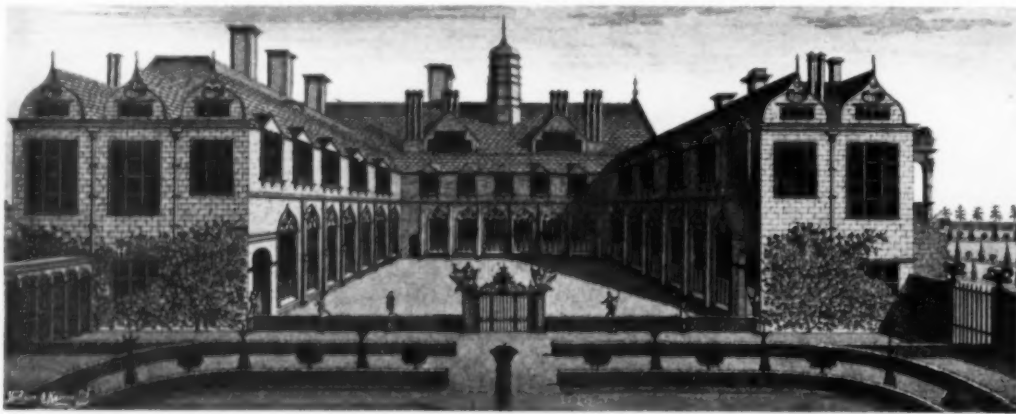


"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE WEST FRONT, SHOWING CAPTAIN WYNNE'S PALLADIAN FRONT.

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the weathercock veered with the gusts and blasts of the great divorce question, Abbot Bate and his monks seem to have bowed to the storm without protest and to have received pensions which absorbed over half of the £302 15s. 3d. to which the yearly revenues of the house amounted. The first lay owner of the site and lands was John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, who, as Earl of Warwick, obtained vast estates in this country during the few years of his prosperity which ended on the scaffold in 1553. The next holder of Combe was Robert Kelway, Surveyor of the Court of Wards and Liveries, and his daughter carried it in marriage to Sir John Harington, with whom commences the history of the house as one of lay inhabitation. The Haringtons were Rutlandshire people, and the fine altar tomb in Exton Church and the ruins of the old manor house near by tell of their sixteenth century occupation of that estate. Sir John claimed descent from the Bruces, and when it was clear that James of Scotland was to succeed Elizabeth on the English throne, this cousinship was made use of. Lady Harington, who had inherited Combe on her father's death in 1580, went to Edinburgh to pay her respects to James's queen, while Sir John remained in Rutlandshire to receive James himself on his progress South in the spring of 1603. Two months later, Princess Elizabeth, a little girl of seven, on her journey South rested a few days at Combe Abbey. The Coronation followed in July, when Sir John was made a peer, and in October a Privy Seal Order was issued by the King, who declares that "we have thought fit to commit the keeping and education of the Lady Elizabeth our daughter to the Lord Harington and the lady his wife." As the new governor shortly after established himself at Combe Abbey with his charge, it is clear that the house must ere then have received the character which it maintained until the Palladian alterations and additions took place, and which it still offers at the south-west corner and on two sides of the forecourt. Buck's south view of the house, of which an illustration is given, although drawn as late as 1729, almost exactly represents the building to which Lord Harington brought the



SOUTH VIEW OF COMBE ABBEY, 1729.

Princess, for the north and west buildings, added in 1684, only show as far as their roofs and chimneys are concerned. The disappearance of the conventual church left the south side of the old cloister garth open, and the remaining three cloister walks were incorporated into the Elizabethan domicile, the upper storey being filled with a line of bay windows jutting out on wooden corbels and surmounted with pediments. The latter feature was frequently used at this time in East Anglia, but is of rarer occurrence in other parts. Buck's view is quite unreliable in its details. The great seven-light window in the centre of the

west wing is original, and was balanced by another in the east wing. Buck's three-light windows are pure inventions, for the section to the left of the great western window also retains its old form and fenestration. The value of the eighteenth century print, therefore, merely lies in giving a

general idea of the pleasant proportions and balance of the house before they were largely upset by Nesfield's great and incongruous eastern building.

Combe remained Princess Elizabeth's chief place of residence until 1608, and, had the Gunpowder Plot succeeded, it would have acquired considerable historic importance in the November of 1605. The country gentlemen who adhered to the old faith were numerous in the Midland district where Combe is situate, and they deemed it an easy matter, if her father and brothers perished amid the wreck of the Parliament House, to seize the Princess and proclaim her Queen. The Government would be in the hands of their party during the minority, and Catholicism would again be supreme. A hunting match at a spot eight miles distant was settled upon as a pretext for their armed assemblage, and as an attraction which might lure away Lord Harington and his retinue from Combe, so that a half-deserted and undefended house would make their task easy. But certain rumours of the seizure of horses the day before put him on his guard, and a messenger arrived from London with news of the discovery of the plot and a warning to be watchful against a rising. Lord Harington and his men rode off, not to the hunting match, but to Coventry. They took the Princess with





PROSPECT FROM THE CENTRE OF THE WEST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

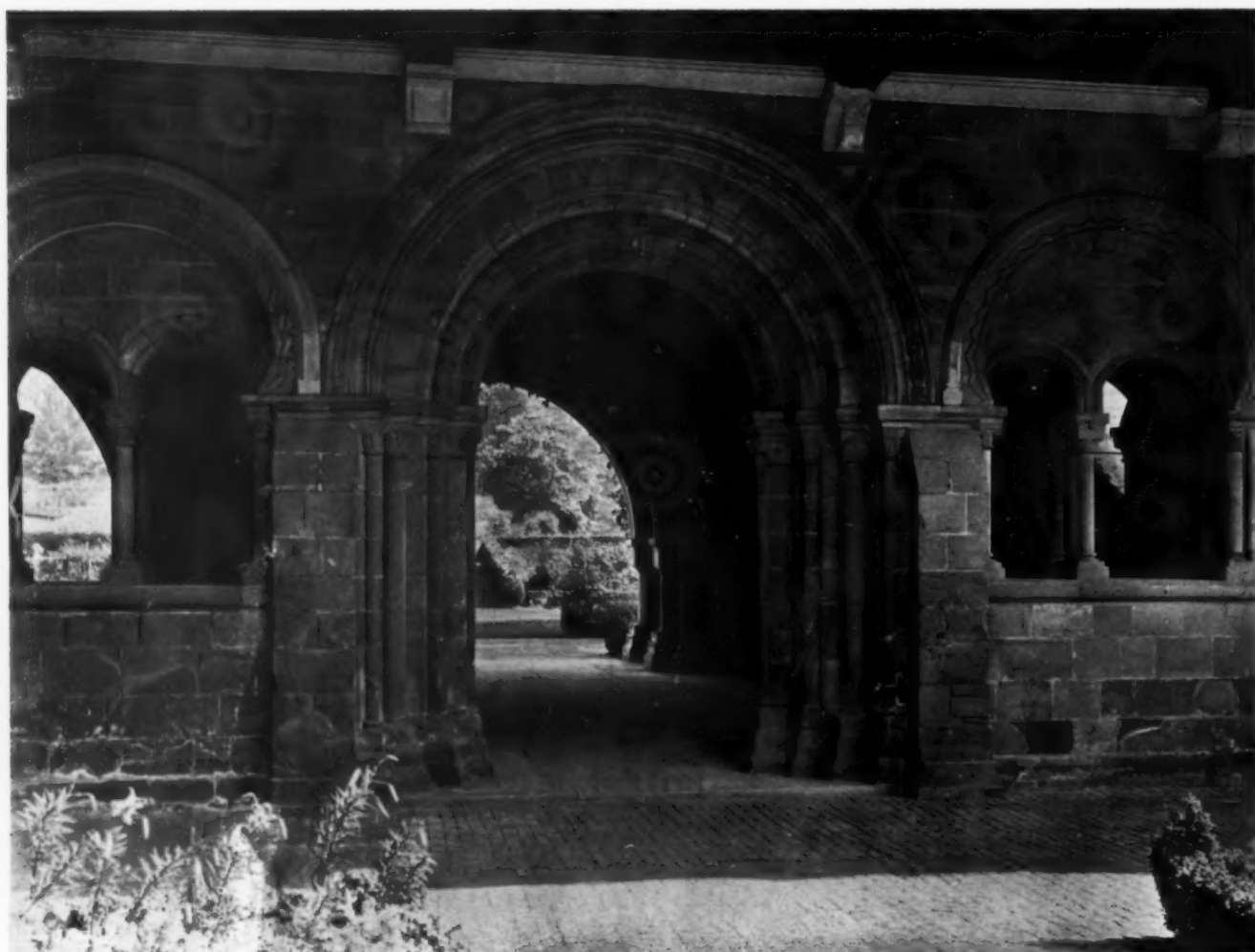
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THE MOAT STAIRS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE WORK OF THE FIRST CISTERCIAN MONKS.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

them, and the citizens armed themselves in her defence. Meanwhile the conspirators, unaware of the failure of their confederates in London, withdrew stealthily from the chase and rode to Combe, only to find that their quarry had flown and to hear that the plot was discovered. They had gone too far to recede, and the abortive rising, which ended miserably near

in her character. The very moderate royal allowances for Elizabeth's maintenance were greatly exceeded by the expenditure, and Harington's private fortune had to provide the balance. A three year monopoly of coining brass farthings occasioned more unpopularity than pecuniary relief, and he left his affairs in confusion and his widow in poverty when he died in 1613. His



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DESCENT OF THE MAIN STAIRCASE.

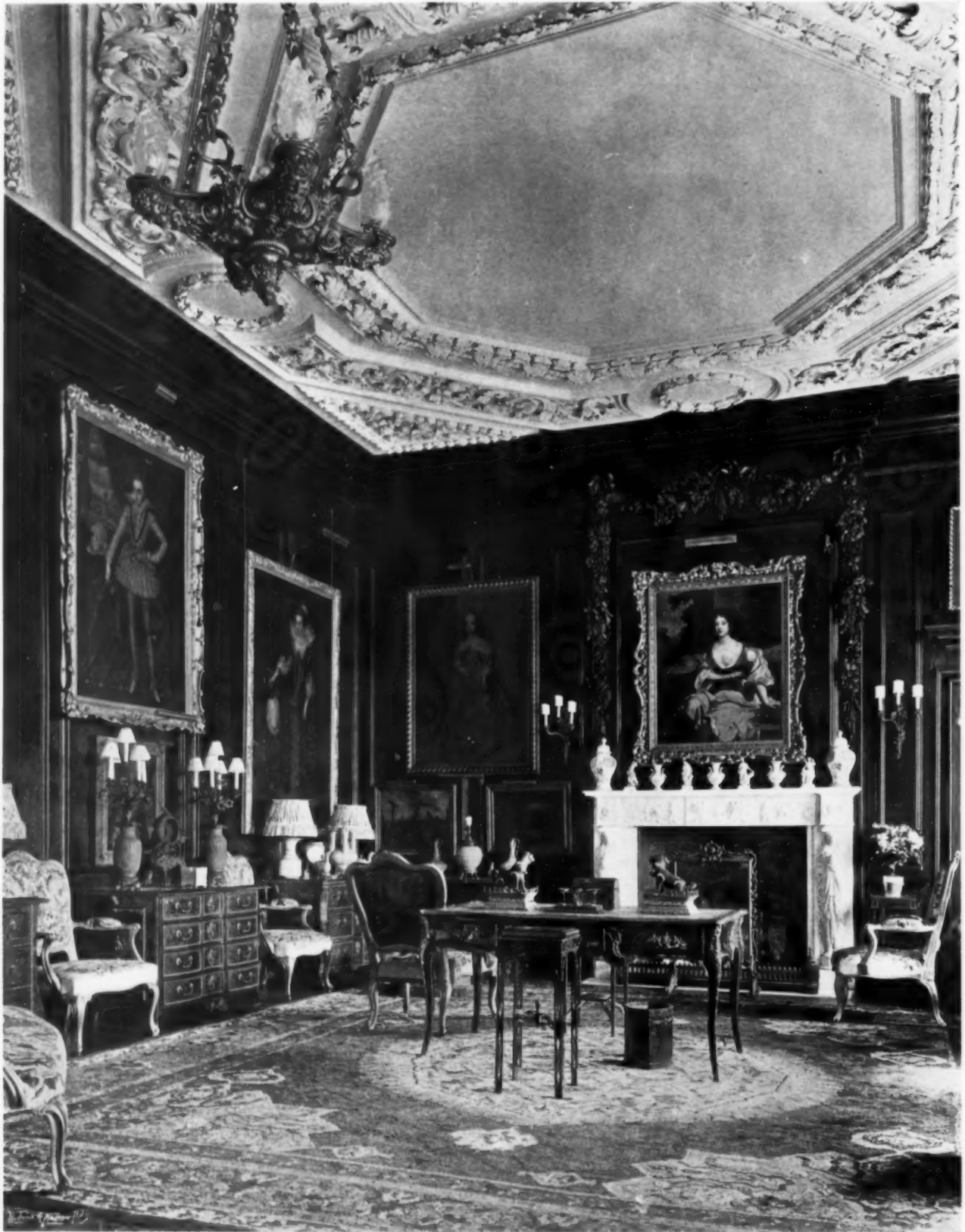
"COUNTRY LIFE."

Stourbridge, took place. But for a while there was anxiety, and Harington, "not yet recovered from the fever occasioned by these disturbances," wrote that he was "out five days in peril of death," arousing the loyalists and besieging Catesby and his gang at Holbeach. His office, perilous at this time to his person, afterwards proved ruinous to his purse. The Princess was extremely extravagant, and the Haringtons seem to have shared this trait

only son, who had been Prince Henry's playmate and friend, followed him to the grave six months later, having sold Exton the week before. Combe went to his sister, the Countess of Bedford, in whom the family failing for overspending was very highly developed, and Dugdale assures us that "her profuseness was such that she wasted her own and not a little of her husband's estate." Her portrait hangs over the mantel-piece in the Gilt Parlour.

Her head rests on her right hand and she looks out on to surroundings with which she and her family had no concern, for the Gilt Parlour is one of the fine suite of apartments built and decorated by the son of the man to whom she sold her inheritance. Of the rooms that remain more or less as she knew them is that which is lit by the great seven-light window. The walls are

Alderman Sir Baptist Hicks, builder of Camden House in Kensington, who became the purchaser of Exton in 1614, while Lord Mayor Sir William Craven possessed himself of Combe Abbey before his death in 1618. He was a Yorkshireman who had been sent up to London by the common carrier and bound apprentice to a merchant taylor in the early days of Queen



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THE BROWN PARLOUR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

hung with tapestry and the mantel-piece, of stone below and wood above but all painted to imitate oak, still exhibits the Harington fret in its heraldry.

City Aldermen were great purchasers of landed estates in James I.'s time. We have lately seen that Rushton was bought by Sir William Cokayne and Swakeleys by Sir Edmund Wright, whose daughter married one of the Haringtons. It was

Elizabeth's reign. He became a very rich man, and left great wealth to his eldest son, William, who was a boy of twelve when his father died. He took up the profession of arms, and at the age of twenty was fighting in the Low Countries under Maurice, Prince of Orange. Dark days had then come upon the English Princess whom we have seen as a girl being educated at Combe Abbey. In 1613 she had married the Elector of the Pale, whose



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THE LIBRARY.

The Fireplaces proving this to have once been the kitchen have recently been opened out.

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acceptance of the Bohemian throne in 1619 precipitated the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War. The Catholic arms were at first entirely successful, and Frederic and Elizabeth lost not only their new kingdom but their old Principality. They became exiles in Holland, and were in sore financial straits when William Craven landed in that country. When it was that he first developed

Palatinate and had every intention of restoring it to Frederic. But before the year was out the former had been killed on the field of Lutzen and the latter had died of the plague at Mainz. Not till the Peace of Westphalia in 1648 was the Rhenish Pale restored to his son, and his widow continued her residence in Holland until her nephew returned to England as its restored



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STATE BED-CHAMBER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the strong and loyal attachment for the fallen Queen, which made him her armed champion and her liberal banker, does not appear. But in 1632, when he was under the flag of Gustavus Adolphus, we find him, with that victorious King, standing sponsor to Elizabeth's thirteenth child. At this moment fortune seemed smiling once more. Gustavus had practically reconquered the

monarch in 1660. Throughout all this period William Craven, who had been created a peer in 1627, remained her champion. During the English Civil Wars he was a permanent member of her Court in Holland, and was a corner-stone of its finances. He fought and bled, he suffered captivity and paid ransom in her cause. Worse times still came in 1651, when the pecuniary

aid and warm support which he afforded to the exiled Stewarts brought down upon him the Commonwealth's wrath and his estates were sequestered and sold. Evelyn in 1654 passed by his house at Caversham and found it "now in ruins, his goodly woods felling by the Rebels." Combe Abbey, however, which was settled on the heir presumptive, escaped this fate, and at the Restoration the other estates were regained. Then the clash of arms, the years of exile, the time of penury were exchanged for the arts of peace; and Lord Craven, who was raised to an Earldom in 1663, spent the evening of his life as a builder and layer out of gardens. His first care on getting back to England was to prepare for the return of the Queen of Bohemia to her native land. She was in her creditors' hands at The Hague, and he aided Sir Charles Cot, her agent, to obtain Parliamentary grants in aid of her debts. Charles II., however, showed no eagerness to provide a fitting home for his aunt, and Lord Craven offered her his own fine house and gardens in Drury Lane, and she was his guest there until a few weeks before her death in 1662. The strong tie between these two, which had thus lasted thirty years, naturally led to some gossip;

Marshall was destroyed by fire in 1718, and Buckingham House has disappeared under the great and unfortunate additions whereby Nash and Blore converted it into Buckingham Palace. Though but an incomplete scheme, the west front of Combe is the best surviving example of his manner. The date 1684 appears on its rain-water-heads, and also on a riband in the splendid plaster ceiling of the upstairs room below the centre pediment. The Earl of Craven was then already seventy-six years old, and although he lived on for a dozen years more, his advanced age may have been the cause that Wynne's design was left unfinished, as anyone glancing at the illustration of this front will perceive it to be. The scheme was the not unusual one at that time of a central block with slightly projecting wings. Stoke Edith and Holme Lacy are contemporary examples of this arrangement which have recently appeared in *COUNTRY LIFE*. At Combe, however, Wynne was evidently in some measure guided by existing buildings of which he preserved much of the fabric. In the library, which occupies the north end of the west front, three great chimney arches have recently been discovered and exposed, which indicate this



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THE GREAT DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

but there is no contemporary record or even allusion on which to rest the later tradition that they were really husband and wife. It appears to have been a case of platonic and self-sacrificing regard and admiration on Lord Craven's part. Yet, curiously enough, there is a picture of the two at Ashdown with their hands being tied by Cupid, and on the gateposts of Hampstead Marshall the Royal crown and the Earl's coronet are intertwined. She made him her executor and left him her unrivalled collection of Stewart family pictures, which has ever since been the glory of Combe Abbey. Yet it was long after her death before Combe received any important share of his attentions as a builder. It was his Berkshire estates towards which he first turned his attention, and John Webb designed Ashdown, and Captain Wynne Hampstead Marshall soon after the Restoration. The former remains almost intact. Of the latter the noble gateposts still stand to show the stately character of the environment of the house. To Captain Wynne he also entrusted the projected rebuilding of Combe. He is a man of whom very little is known personally and very little remains architecturally. Hampstead

room as the earlier kitchen. Very likely there was a building here balancing the three-gabled block at the south end, which Wynne's other wing must have been planned to absorb. It is noteworthy that in the small dining-room, which occupies the extreme south end of this building, a fine arch of the same type as the three in the dining-room has lately been revealed. Wynne's interrupted task was, without doubt, intended not to increase the length of this front, but to give it a Palladian and perfectly symmetrical character. The interior work of this period is very fine. The largest of the rooms is on the north elevation, which was also in part dealt with by Wynne. It is now the great dining-room, and is in white and gold. The chimney-piece and the doorways have curved pediments, below which William Craven's monogram may be discerned. The remaining wall spaces have plain panels, in which hang a magnificent set of six full-length portraits by Van Dyck and Hondhorst. They represent Charles I., the King and Queen of Bohemia, their sons, Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice, and William Craven himself. It is the last mentioned who appears in armour in the illustration of this room. The west front, so far as Wynne dealt with it,

contains a series of four apartments, all of which are here represented. Next to the library already mentioned is the Brown Parlour. Its walls are of the large panelled and heavily-corniced type of wainscoting which was then so much in fashion. The ceiling is of rich plaster-work, the central octagon panel being left plain. Over the chimney-piece wreaths of fruit and flower in the Grinling Gibbons manner surround a portrait of the Duchess of Cleveland by Lely, while James I., his Queen and his children, well clothed and stiffly posed, look from the walls at the easy attitude and freely revealed charms of their descendant's mistress. Next to the Brown Parlour comes the great and magnificent apartment known as the Gilt Parlour—choice alike in its decorations and furnishings. Portions only of this are illustrated. The military career of the Earl is fully indicated in the elaborate wood-carvings that ornament the chief wall-panels and represent trophies of arms. That over the mantel-piece is surmounted by the Craven crest, while over that at the opposite end of the room amorini sustain the family coat-of-arms. The panel below this contains a very large and beautifully executed mirror of the rococo type, so much used under French influence by Thomas Chippendale and other



CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE GILT PARLOUR.

The portrait is that of Lord Harrington's daughter, the Countess of Bedford.

English furniture-makers about the middle of the eighteenth century. This example is illustrated; but there is also on the east wall of the room an even more elaborate and splendid specimen of the output of the same school. Combe Abbey is richly provided with such mirrors, and two of exceptional quality, though of smaller size, are also given. South of the Gilt Parlour lies the great staircase, a fine example of the use of balusters carved with acanthus foliage. As they appear at Coleshill, Inigo Jones was the probable originator of the type, of which developments are still to be found illustrated in Abraham Swan's "Builder's Treasury of Staircases," published in 1745. From the top of this staircase a suite of very noble bedrooms may be entered, of which that called the State Room is a sample. The bed is of the regal kind, with damask glued over the elaborate sculpturings of the soft wood of which its back and canopy are composed, while silk tassels and galon trimmings ornament its valance. The Craven arms, supporters, coronet and monogram are all there as indications of its date and original ownership. The ceiling is another example of plaster panels and profuse flower and fruit wreaths common to the Wren period; but in this case the flats are filled in with canvas



AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY MIRROR.



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IN ROCOCO STYLE.

"C.L."

painted in imitation of walnut-wood, which, though its sombre colour matches well with the walls and helps to throw up the rich colouring of the bed, contrasts rather crudely with the white of the plaster-work. For the moment we must bring to a close the pleasant task of describing this choice and historic house. Its later annals, illustrated by further views, will be given next week; and something must then be said of the great terrace and water gardens which have lately been laid out or perfected in the ample and dignified manner which several of the accompanying pictures reveal.

T.

THE FARMER'S BOY.

IN the current number of the Journal of the Board of Agriculture reference is made to the newly issued report on the Distribution of Grants for Agricultural Education and Research for 1907-8, and an account given of how the children of those engaged in husbandry should be educated. A little imagination will enable us, by filling in the details of the picture, to delineate the life that is to be led by the farm boy of the future. But the preliminary question arises, What is a farm boy? He may be either of two sorts. A boy may fairly be called a farm boy when his father or guardian is engaged in work on the land; and if his parent be the owner or tenant with servants under him, he is equally entitled to be called a farm boy. But the life of the one must differ essentially from that of the other. The child of the cottage must begin by attending a primary school. Up to thirteen or fourteen fancy sees him crawling unwillingly, like a snail, along the lanes to the village school, where he is taught to read, write and cipher. It is when the days of his attendance at the primary school are ended that the suggestions of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries come in. The leaving point is itself subject to considerable controversy. Practical men have complained for some time past that the boys remain too long at school. When they are set to work they are more ignorant than boys of their own age should be, and, perhaps, a little too opinionated to pick up readily the practical instruction offered them. Fourteen is the age indicated in the official Journal, and it errs, if at all, on the side of being too old. A child used to begin scaring birds on the farm at any time between six and eight, and it was then that the taste for country pursuits was really implanted. However, let us suppose the boy to have attained the age of fourteen, and left the primary school. His next step is to attend an evening continuation school at which agricultural lessons are given. From the age of seventeen to twenty-three he can receive lessons from special instructors at these establishments. It is not very clear what the authorities mean; but evidently they have taken their idea from Denmark, where the education of the peasant begins with the people's high schools, and is carried on by evening lessons. We wonder how much compulsion it is proposed to apply. Not every boy at the age of fourteen, when he considers that his regular schooling is over, yearns to fill his evenings with work at a night school. Nor is it altogether desirable that he should do so. Should he happen to be at work on the land of a sound hard farmer of the old school, it is more than likely that by the time evening comes as much has been taken out of him as he can afford to give in one day. Speaking with some experience of farm lads, we know that some of them are very glad to go to bed at half-past seven;

that is to say, after having had tea, supper, or whatever meal is provided when they come home from work. The boy has to be astir at five o'clock in the morning in order to be ready to begin work at six in summer, and in winter he is always expected at the coming of daylight. Take the work of a lad so engaged. At the moment we write we can point to one whose work it is, at present, to cart turnips out to the grass fields where store cattle are wintering. He has to load his cart with the turnips, drive out a quarter of a mile or more to one of the fields where the cattle are, and scatter his turnips over a considerable area. Such time as is not taken up with that work must be devoted to carting manure to the fields—also tolerably hard work. Now at night, even if that boy were desirous to go to a night school, what condition is he in to take advantage of the teaching? The chances are that he would be extremely sleepy, and the fact is that he has no inclination to go abroad after once getting into the house at night.

When he is a little older he will not feel so tired after his day's toil; but then other interests will have come into his life, and it is pretty certain that the greater part of his evenings will be spent in the company of one or more members of the opposite sex. The Board of Agriculture and Fisheries may not have taken this into account; but, at the same time, it is a fact in human nature from which there is no getting away. The first point to be considered in regard to the child is whether he be intended to work on the farm or will be in a position to employ others. In the former case the training must be mainly technical, and even in the latter case the training to work must be by no means neglected. Every man who intends to employ labour on the land ought himself to be able to perform the ordinary rural tasks. He should know, for instance, as much as possible about horses and other livestock, particularly the attention they require in the way of feeding and cleaning. It is a necessary part of his training that he should be able to ride well and to drive, and so much the better if he has by nature or gains by art the knack of getting on friendly terms, and keeping so, with the domestic livestock. He should also be able to plough, hoe, drive a reaping-machine, build a rick, perform the duties connected with the threshing-machine, and, in fact, have a mastery over every particular duty that falls to the performance of the farm labourer. If he cannot do these things himself, he will never be in a position to criticise the work of his men, or to show one who does not know the method of performing any particular act. Another very important point is that farm labourers have a far greater respect for a master who can do the work of any one of them and excel



COMBE ABBEY: IN THE GILT PARLOUR.

the majority at it. Thus the boy whose parents have been able to send him to a secondary school will probably derive most benefit from spending the greater part of the summer on his father's farm, working like an ordinary labourer on the jobs that are being carried out. In the winter it will be possible for him to attend one of the agricultural colleges, or other institutions at which the particular kind of education he wants is given. In these days practice is not sufficient equipment with which to meet the keen competition. There must be theory as well; that is to say, a knowledge of geology, chemistry and other sciences bearing upon crop production. It is quite true that the mere scholar who acquires nothing but theories is usually a duffer on the land; but should he combine a knowledge of principles with experience in actual work, he has received the ideal training that will enable him to become a successful farmer.

A different question arises with people who have not been engaged in work on the land, but who desire to bring their children up to that profession. It is very desirable that they should do so, because experience has shown that those who have gone into farming from trade have, in very many instances, evolved new ideas and even amassed considerable fortunes, where the old practitioners remained at a stand-still. The boy of this kind will not have the advantage of watching his father work, or of strolling about a farm where work is constantly being done. Town-bred lads ought to be sent to institutions that have summer terms where instruction is combined with practical work. They may in that way secure many of the advantages of an articled pupil, and at the same time gain a practical experience of the work. The use that should be made of winter agricultural schools and classes is very carefully set forth. The young farmer is ready to take advantage of these things. He has become familiar with the ordinary work of tillage. The main point is that his experience should lead him to feel the want of extended knowledge of various kinds. If his heart be in his work he will no doubt observe with dismay that certain kinds of soil, managed on a system differing from that employed near him, are made to produce far better results. This may be due to many causes—more suitable manure, appropriate tillage, or something of that kind. He cannot be long in charge of stock without various problems being presented

to him. Animals go off their feed for no reason that he can discover. Disease of some kind breaks out, or the work of fattening does not go on satisfactorily. In other words, since he has mastered the elements of his craft its difficulties become more obvious to him. Then is the time for him to go to the source where he is sure to obtain full and useful information of the kind he most requires. The pupil whose practical experience leads him to subject the teacher to questions is by far the most likely to succeed in the end, and teaching should as far as possible take the form of answering the intelligent questions of pupils of this kind. Advantage should also be taken of the classes held by itinerant instructors employed by the county council or some other local authority. Even farmers of very considerable experience may be able to pick up something of value from a good lecture. They have to recollect that agriculture is not a science on which the last word has been heard, but an art to which more knowledge is being added year by year. After all, the best thing that any instructor can impart is that docile attitude of mind which is ever on the look-out for improvement, and is ready to give up any conviction at the command of intelligence. That is to say, that the man who is always learning has a great advantage over him who, having arrived at certain fixed rules for the guidance of his work, adheres to them as closely as a servant does to his written instructions.

THE MOUNTAIN PASTURES.



Donald McLeish.

MOUNTAIN GOATS NEAR AROLLA.

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ONE winter in Switzerland I had as a companion an old Scotch farmer who had travelled from his home in the Highlands to the little village of Kandersteg at the bidding of his national enthusiasm for the game of curling. He had made his way across Europe, a half-humorous, half-pathetic figure, trusting chiefly to luck to guide him to his destination, and he attached himself to me with a sense of very evident relief when I spoke to him the first evening in the hotel. I found much charm in his company, and chiefly in the fact that he saw everything with other eyes than mine. Having lived all his life among the mountains of Inverness-shire, tending his flock of black-faced sheep, he refused

to be impressed by the Alps, although he was very deeply impressed by the electric lighting in the hotel. The mountains he regarded solely with a professional eye. It happened one evening that there was a magic-lantern display in the hotel, made up of Alpine views of all sorts. Old Alexander, who sat beside me, was evidently enjoying himself, judging by the rapt expression of his countenance. But I discovered that where the rest of the audience found beauty, majesty and grandeur in the pictures, he saw nothing but agricultural resources. For when a noble view of lofty crags appeared, he turned to me with a sad, smiling shake of the head and murmured, "There's awfu' little meat up there!" By degrees



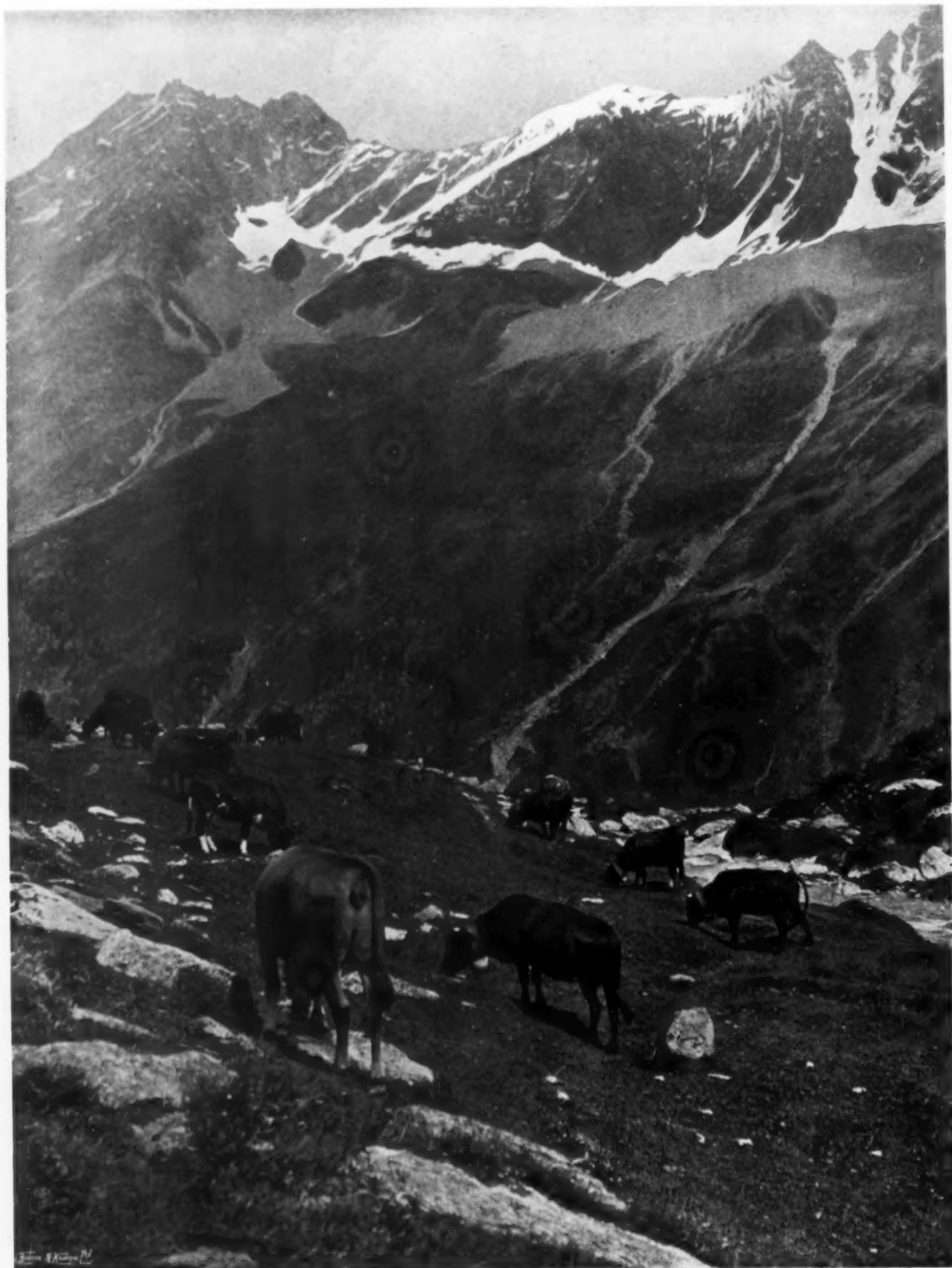
Donald McLeish.

AN AROLLA PASTURE.

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I became infected by Alexander's point of view, or, at least, I began to contemplate another aspect of the mountains. I looked upon the glittering rampart of colossal peaks that surrounded us no longer as a waste, inhospitable land open only to the explorer.

among the virgin snows, and his original belief that they could only subsist on rocks and ice was dispelled when he watched them patiently scratching in sheltered places for the buried herbage. The chamois is elusive, romantic, terrible in his



Donald McLeish.

THE CATILE OF THE VAL D'HERENS.

Copyright.

I remembered that to the very skyline it was trodden by the feet of grazing flocks.

Of all the inhabitants of the mountains, each at their own level—the goats, the chamois and the cows—the chamois makes the strongest appeal to the imagination. I simply could not get Alexander to believe in the chamois, until I fell back on the hotel telescope for evidence. There they were, incredibly high

isolation, but on the lower slopes are friendly goats and cows, with whom one feels one's self on terms of greater intimacy.

The English cow has long lost that pleasing atmosphere of interest and charm which rightfully belongs to her—an atmosphere made up of buttercups, three-legged stools and milkmaids in pink sun-bonnets. She is, I fear, looked upon as an unimportant object in the landscape, an unromantic, perhaps

slightly comic figure. But in Switzerland she is ennobled by her surroundings and brought into greater prominence by her more adventurous spirit and the wider life she leads. In place of the domestic paddock she has the broad stretch of the mountain-side as her home. The great barrack-like shipp, with its well-ordered rows of stalls, gives place to the wooden chalet perched upon some little ledge beside a climbing path. Her companions are no longer the stolid sheep of the arable farm, but the free and reckless goats of the wilderness, and the whole setting of her life is one of romantic beauty, which even advertisements of Swiss milk have not yet been able to make commonplace.

It is but a short season of the year that the mountain pastures are available, and the lives of the flocks are very sharply divided between the period of freedom and the period of incarceration. For eight months in the year in many places they are held close prisoners by the snow. There in the little wooden chalets, in darkness and inactivity, they must wear out the long winter, with a monotonous reiteration of hay and water. A sweet aromatic smell clings to these cowsheds—a smell of bruised spruce twigs, which are used for bedding, in a land where straw is unknown. And through the dead season the cows are very well content. It is only at the first intimation of the thaw that a spirit of restlessness takes possession of them. I lived once for a time in a chalet on one of the heights above Lake Geneva, where the ground floor was given over to the cows and goats, while the family—and myself—were lodged above. There I spent peaceful nights as long as the snow lay deep, but after some ten days the spring, which had already starred the meadows far below with early flowers, came with a sudden rush upon us. A warm wind sprang up, and a westerly rain was driven all day against the windows. Muddy channels marked the white hillside, and patches of green began to show themselves. That night there was no rest for me. I lay and listened to the stir and movement down below the muffled voices of disquiet; now the rattle of a chain on some impatient neck, now the stamping of restless foot. And then I knew that the first breath of the spring had reached those dark recesses, with the great message of the year, and that the goats and kine were no longer willing captives, but had grown intolerant of their chains. They had yet some weeks to wait before the day when the dusty bells were brought down from the shelf above the door and strapped upon their necks and they were driven forth rejoicing to the sunshine and the fuller life, and to the banquet they had been sniffing from afar.

It is an extraordinarily vivid world that awaits them as the mountain pastures have thrown off the smothering burden of the snow: a world of sudden, teeming growth, of babbling streams and clean, clear air, decked out in brilliant colours. For the sky is of an infinite blue, behind the snow-white peaks, and the fresh growth is intensely green about their feet. It has often reminded me of the Pied Piper's land,

Where waters gushed, and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new.

There the turf clings close about the scattered rocks, and sweet tufts of herbage may be sought on dizzy ledges. There there are hidden clefts and gullies, shut in by the sky like a lid, and open, rolling uplands, splendidly remote, where one may catch a glimpse—over the edge—of the world below, showing

distant in the angle where two hills meet each other, like a fragment torn from a map. And there are precipitous heights where the grazing goats alone can keep their footing; but even they must return to far-off level places if they would lie down.

It is an entrancing picture, with its accompaniment of tinkling bells, and jodelling and the great, far-reaching cow-horns, that call the cattle home across the valley. I think the final touch of charm and—one almost feels—of unreality is to be found in the herbage itself. For the food that the upland pastures have to offer to the grazing flocks is for the greater part made up of the lavish wealth of Alpine flowers.

BERTRAM SMITH.

IN THE GARDEN.

DECEMBER IN THE GARDEN.

DECEMBER is a month in which preparation is made in the woodland and garden for the effects to be achieved next year. The following notes from Mr. William Robinson have an increased value because most of the work he suggests ought to be put in hand without a moment's delay:

COLOR IN WOODLAND AND GARDEN.—I.

No subject has been more treated of than this in books and journals, and yet when we visit a country place we rarely see anything done that is worth looking at, especially in woodland. Instead of dealing with the subject as treated in books, an account of what trees have been planted in Sussex to get colour may be of interest. To discuss the question with any profit, perhaps the best way is to divide it into woodland and pleasure ground, or garden, colour, woodland being the more important of the two and the less well treated generally. There is even more reason for this, because the finer trees in colour of other countries are not always to be obtained in large quantity from nurseries in a good state for planting, and in woodland little can be done without numbers of young healthy trees. In treating the subject from that point of view such trees as the beech and wild cherry, chestnut and birch, which in many districts come of themselves, shall be left out.

MAPLES.

By far the best of the maples is the Norway maple, of which I have

planted a good many hundreds, and which have never disappointed me. Healthy saplings of this tree are easily obtained, and are used largely for under-planting or thickening up woods where coppice is abandoned. It is quite a hardy, beautiful tree, and in early November and late October sometimes the woods seem to be illuminated with its fine colour. So far, I think it is finer than any of the American maples, which are so prized, and rightly so, in their own country. The sugar maple has a great reputation, but in poor, stiffish soil it gave a poor result, the cause being the nature of the soil. An American friend tells me that its true habit is to clasp boulders and rocks on rocky and stony places. In many parts of Britain there is plenty of this kind of ground, and it is well worth trying in such soils. On the other hand, the red maple (*rubrum*) loves to be in moist or near marshy places or fringes of lakes and ponds, and should be worth a place in such soils. The silver maple does well in ordinary soil and is delicate in colour throughout the year, but with me it is never brilliant, beyond a flaming shoot here and there; still, I think it a beautiful hue. The smaller Japanese



Donald McLeish.

MOTHER AND SON.

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maples are no good for woodland planting, so they are omitted here. The purple-leaved forms of the sycamore maple and Norway maple are worth having, but always from seed, in which state they can be had and come fairly true.

OAKS.

America is rich in oaks but for some reason they have not all been fairly tried in our country. In the first place, only a healthy young stock of a few of them can be obtained. One that has given a good result so far from the point of view of colour and also of fair growth is the ruddy brown oak (*Q. rubra*). Of this, it is not difficult to get a good stock. The leaves take a very pleasant brown-red colour, and it also makes a stately tree, of which there is a fine example at Wakehurst; it also has the advantage of being obtainable in quantity in healthy young plants. I have found it not so easy to get a good stock of young plants of the true scarlet oak, and in any case it is not as free as *Q. rubra*. The marsh oak (*Q. palustris*) is a free-growing oak, especially in wet places or marshes, and it takes also a very pretty colour in October. What the rest of the splendid series of oaks of America may do for us, only the future can tell, and the planting, perhaps, of some kinds in the ordinary forest way, not treating them as specimens for pleasure gardens, which can never be a fair test of their value.

WILLOWS.

Among other trees which can be got in quantity and at a reasonable price are the tree willows, especially from the Eastern Counties' nurseries. Nothing gives a more tender and beautiful colour than the white willow, which shows all the better under the persuasion of the wind. Next to it in value is the red willow, also a native of our country and which does not attain quite as much stature as the white willow; but it has a fine colour throughout the year, differing every month in hue, and all good. My only regret about these is that I have not planted more of them. The varieties of this, such as the Bedford and Huntingdon, are also good in colour. The weeping kinds are only fit for the water-side or pleasure garden. The great charm of the tree willows is that they change in effect every month and are always beautiful, bare or in leaf.

POPLARS.

The white poplar (*P. alba*) is also a great tree with its silvery colour, telling at long distances, and is in rich bottom soils a noble forest tree; and the other poplars, such as the Canadian and black poplars, give us soft yellow effects, but are hardly so striking throughout the year as the white poplar. The soil has a great effect on trees as regards colour; for instance, the aspen on light limestone sometimes will take a splendid claret colour, whereas on heavy soils it has no colour worth mentioning. The white poplar with an upright habit (*Bollena*) never appealed to me, because I thought it was a mere variety; but now a friend, who understands the plants of its country, tells me it is a natural wild tree, and therefore it deserves a trial. There has been so little encouragement given to nurserymen for the purchase of such things that one cannot always get healthy plants of brilliant hues, such as the Tupelo (*Nyssa*), which at one time used to be planted in Britain, as we see some nice old specimens here and there; but now you can hardly get a good stock of it, though seed is easy to procure and is well worth raising.

AMERICAN BIRCHES.

The American birches, such as the canoe and the paper birch, have nice colour, and one that has given me most effective colour is *Betula lenta*. All the birches give good, but somewhat evanescent, colour. I never cared for the copper beech, as known in gardens, a grafted tree, but I found that on the Continent they get seedlings from it, which come true, and I tried a number of them, which have done very well. I have now a nice colony of upright growers, keeping their colour well and late into the autumn.

THE SWEET GUM.

Of what the Americans call the sweet gum, or liquidambar, I have planted some hundreds about a yard high, and small as they are they are always beautiful in colour of foliage, but they are very slow growers. However, all good planting is for futurity.

LARCH.

Some people dislike the larch colour, but others are often pleased with its colour in autumn and spring; and the Japanese larch, which I have tried on a large scale, is fine in colour in its reddish shoots when the leaves have fallen. Therefore, good might be done with this, in addition to our European larch, which is everywhere. With these, in some situations, dogwoods are essential, and the one usually called the scarlet dogwood, but really the Siberian dogwood, is, perhaps, the most commonly used of any coloured bush and is well worth it, too. The real scarlet dogwood is a native of England and not nearly so effective as the Siberian plant. Much good colour can be established by ponds or streams by the use of certain plants that are too vigorous for the garden, such as the knotworts (*polygnum*), which are really too vigorous for almost any kind of garden, but will look very well indeed by water or near it. There are two vigorous kinds, of which the naked stems should be left all the

winter, as they assume good colour, and that is the best way with the stems of all large perennials and reeds.

The following, just to hand from a friend in America, attests the beauty of colour in that wonderful country for trees: "I have had two long motor-drives in the Berkshire Hills of Western Massachusetts, and the colouring was so wonderful that you must be told of it. The hills are not very high, only some hundreds of feet, but they are very rocky and the soil in the little valleys is sweet and healthy. The sugar maples are now a sheet of yellow, sometimes greenish and at other times real full yellow, and here and there a red-tipped leaf. The oaks are fading from their first glory of scarlet to a more sombre red, tempered with brown, and these strong leaves hang on the branches in rattling bunches till the new leaves in spring cover these and push them off. The poplars still have enough foliage to flitter, and the chestnuts are yellow and brown. The pines are bravely green and the hemlocks darker, making the ravines and water-courses, where they naturally grow, darker and gloomier than any other tree. Then the witch-hazel flowers are everywhere in the swamps, among the bare twigs of the alders and other damp-lovers which have lost their leaves early. In other places one's eye is caught by the waxy scarlet of the berries of what the country-people call white alder (*Ilex verticillata*), a deciduous holly. The flowers are all over in the gardens, because we have already had several hard frosts, and the roses are forlorn and the annuals blackened." W. ROBINSON.

THE HORTICULTURAL YEAR.

THE year that is rapidly drawing to a close has been horticulturally of more than passing interest. A love of flowers seems to deepen in this country, and the hall of the Royal Horticultural Society in Vincent Square has been filled at the fortnightly meetings with plants new and well known and grown to perfection, such as only the British gardener can accomplish. It is not only that cultural skill has been in evidence, but the rare plants, chiefly from Western China, that have been introduced, plants that will, we feel sure, in the near future become favourites in our gardens. One of the most distinct that attracted the attention of the writer is *Cotoneaster applanata*, which has not only the merit of free growth, but bears far into the winter a wealth of bright scarlet berries, which are in intense relief to the deep green foliage. But it is impossible to mention all the beautiful introductions from abroad and through the skill of the hybridist that have been shown before the Royal Horticultural Society and the National Rose Society.

FLOWERS BY PATHSIDE—PLANTING-TIME.

Many opportunities exist in gardens of creating beautiful pictures in the most unlikely spots, and the illustration on the following page is an example of the rich beauty that can be introduced in places previously devoid of flower-life. In *COUNTRY LIFE* recently an illustration was given of the *Cerastium* by rocky steps, a southern bank on which nothing had existed before, showing that in odd corners there may be flowers and foliage attractive at all seasons. The drifts of bloom in the illustration come from one of the most vigorous of dwarf plants, the double *Arabis*, or Rock Cress, called *albida flore-pleno*. It grows with extraordinary vigour, so much so that in two or three years it will have spread to such an extent as to imperil the lives of its less unruly neighbours. The leaves form a thick mat of growth and their grey-green colour is pleasant to the eye; but it is the wealth and long continuance of the flowers that makes the *Arabis* a plant for the rougher parts of the rock garden and the border. The parent or type is almost as well known as the Daisy, and the double form looks larger because of the character of the flower, which is like a little rosette, not exactly pure white, but approaching it. While thinking of the *Arabis*, the names of other plants that are contemplated for a similar purpose will occur to mind. The beauty of *Cerastium* one has already seen, and in spring a cloud of flower colour may come from the yellow *Alysum* and purple *Aubrietia*, a rich association of colouring that gives warm beauty to the rock garden, wall or wherever they are placed. I well remember a little shady, moist walk, and by the side of it were bits of sandstone to form the edging. *Arenaria balearica* (the Balearic Sandwort) had established itself, covering the stones with a veil of rich verdure bespangled during the summer with starry white flowers. Another edging, charming and uncommon, is the blue *Veronica rupestris* and white *Pink*. *Campanula pusilla*, blue, and its white form, *alba*; *Erinus alpinus*, where there is stone; and of course the beautiful *Gentianella* (*Gentiana acaulis*); *Saxifraga hypnoides*, or the Mossy Rockfoil; the Thymes and Pansies, especially the delightful little Tufted forms, are all suitable plants for edging a path in the garden or in woodland where the shade is not too dense. These notes are opportune, for this is the season to plant, and a careful survey of the garden will reveal many spots that may be adorned with flowers for all seasons. Such margins as this are little gardens in themselves; but, as these spots are frequently away from the usual paths, it is the more necessary to well prepare the soil.

THE NATIONAL VEGETABLE SOCIETY.

There seems no reason whatever to doubt that this newly formed society, which has the Duke of Portland as its president, will become widely known, such as it deserves, considering the meritorious objects which it is determined to carry out. It was started with the praiseworthy intention of creating a greater interest in the actual cultivation of vegetables and the best ways of preparing them for the table. No finer vegetables in the world are grown than in England, but their preparation for the table is deplorable, while there is little variety. It is to bring vegetables more to the public notice as a food that this society has been started, and the committee of experts is a tower of strength, containing the names of some of the most famous growers in the British Isles. Many of the most nutritious and palatable vegetables are seldom seen on our tables—*Scorzonera*, *Salsify* and others, and it is to be hoped that in the show it is proposed to hold next year classes will be provided for the kinds that we should be better acquainted with. C.



F. M. Sutcliffe.

A BORDER EDGED WITH ARABIS.

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CHRISTMAS WITH THE OLD MASTERS.

LONG ago, when the Church was young and when Art was feebly struggling for utterance, we find the first attempts to relate in painting the story of the Christ Child. In the Catacombs we come upon a woman's figure of the third century seated on a throne-like chair, a child upon her knee; three men, in the long, loose trousers and high caps that represent Eastern dress, approach her in single file, each bearing something like a loaf of

years. We can well believe how dear the picture of the Nativity became to those humble souls who learned the story of their faith from the frescoed walls, and saw the persons of divine history endowed with their own feelings. How full of tender yearning is the mother in Giotto's Nativity at Padua as she raises herself upon her arm and turns to receive the little swaddled babe from the nurse's hands. How close Giotto brings us to the life of his day when we see

St. Francis instituting the ceremony of the *Presepio* or Manger in the church of Assisi. Anyone who has been in Italy at Christmas-tide will recall the gaily-decked chapels, the manger with its waxen Infant and its wooden or woolly animals, and everywhere the poor and the little children crowding round in wonder and adoration. The legend tells us that as St. Francis bent to place the babe in the cradle, it turned for a moment in his hands to a living child, and the old painter, in his undoubting faith and his strange insight into the life of the imagination, communicates to us the thrill that runs through his personages as they behold the wondrous mystery.

Before the rendering of the Nativity we might place those interpretations which concern symbolic thought. The Mother and Child enthroned (a group always ordered for the High Altar, as signifying the Incarnation), the Apple of the Fall, or the pomegranate—bitter fruit of the Passion—clasped in the Child's hand—such ideas run through Christian art down to the full Renaissance. In the Museum at Verona is a rendering painted by Stefano di San Zevio, which, faded as it is, amply atones in interest for any lack of more mechanical qualities. An enclosure, compassed about with walls, signifies, as always, the Virgin Birth. The walls are covered with climbing roses; the red rose of Love mingles with the white rose of Purity. The open country is faintly to be discerned outside; a river winds away with towns upon its banks; the world lies out there with its strife and dangers, but all is untroubled peace within this sacred boundary. In the middle of the flower-starred lawn Our Lady sits, dressed in her blue robe, holding the white flower of Purity between her slender fingers. On her knee lies the Child; His hand touching His lips implies "I am the word," and she glances down to where, at His feet, angels are studying the written word in the Book of Prophecies. The trefoil leaves of the flowers suggest the

Trinity, and Cherubim, signifying the Divine Presence, circle overhead. On the left the Blessed Sacrament is reserved in a gilded monstrance, adored by angels. At the feet of the Virgin, in a composition which pays no heed to perspective, sits St. Catherine of Alexandria, probably the patron saint of the donor. Her crown is on her head, for "beyond all is the Crown," but the sword of her conflict and the wheel of her martyrdom are no longer needed and lie neglected, while she is engrossed in weaving a garland of the roses of Paradise. The



THE NATIVITY: BOTTICELLI.

bread. The Book of Mount Athos formularised the different scenes and decreed arrangements which were to be followed to a late date of the Renaissance. It is strange to turn from those Byzantine representations, whose flat, pattern-like forms, gilded draperies and calm, staring eyes have such an indescribable solemnity, to Niccolò Pisano's Madonna at Pisa—grand and unemotional, a Juno, copied from some Greek fragment, emancipated in one moment by the classic touch from the formal yoke of a thousand

most exquisite of little angels hands her flowers, while two others hurry forward bearing a basket of blossoms between them. Birds flutter round; on either side is poised a peacock, the bird of Juno, Queen of Heaven, and also the invariable sign-manual of the Veronese painter.

Flemish art looks somewhat prosaic as we turn to the great altarpiece of Hugo Van der Goes, which caused such excitement in Florentine art-circles when the Portinari brought it back from Bruges in the fifteenth century. The Virgin, a thin, hard-featured Fleming, with a crown upon her high forehead, kneels before the tiny child. All the details are given with dainty precision, and the delicately-drawn irises and columbine in the foreground arrest the eye at once. Yet the preoccupation of the artist is more with realistic detail than with the inner life; all



THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI: LUINI.

are perfunctorily devotional; he does not understand like Giotto that the imagination needs to be deeply stirred to convey the impression of poignant feeling. The shepherds press forward on the right and Ghirlandaio paints them into his next Nativity; but the Italian is not satisfied with the low type of the northern peasant, and Ghirlandaio's shepherds are grave and sensitive Tuscans. The Umbrian, Piero della Francesca, hard at work in Florence, frankly borrows the babe in the Portinari altarpiece for his next composition, but in everything else he has gone far

beyond the Fleming. His strong angels stand in a close-knit group, and the cast shadows of the pent-house roof, the distant country reflected in the water, the attitude of Joseph and the bystanders show his absorption in those scientific problems



THE ADORATION OF JESUS: VAN DER GOES.



THE NATIVITY: GIOTTO.

which proclaimed Florence as the intellectual centre, the home of ideas. Yet there is a marvellous refinement of beauty in this delicate, austere Madonna, and the gamut of blues, the rich dark sapphire of the Virgin's mantle, the blue-grey of her dress, the pale lavender of the angel's robe, is a study in itself.

How these Nativities throng upon our memory! Now it is the jewelled panel of a Pintoricchio and his dove-eyed Madonna;



THE NATIVITY OF OUR LORD: PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA.

now it is the "Night" of Correggio—all around is darkness, but as Madonna bends over the lowly cradle a flood of radiance flows from the baby form, the bystanders shrink back blinded by the light, but the mother kneels on, gazing, undazzled, basking like a flower in that Light of the World that she has borne upon her heart. Most lovely of all, perhaps, is that treasure of our National Gallery which Botticelli has contrived to fill to overflowing with lyric grace and allegorical significance. Painted at the close of his career, two years after the death of his beloved teacher, Savonarola, it glows to white heat with faith and ecstasy. The shepherds are presented by angels with gestures of intense devotion at the manger-bed; three persons, Savonarola and the two who suffered with him, are received and clasped in passionate welcome by three other angels. Below, little demons wriggle into the bowels of the earth, and up above a choir of heavenly visitants flings down crowns of gold and circles in joyous dance, singing the Laudamus. Botticelli makes his meaning clear by the Greek inscription which he writes across the top of the picture: "This picture was painted by me, Aussandro, at the end of 1500, during the troubles of Italy, during the time which was prophesied in the eleventh chapter of St. John. . . . When Satan shall be loosed upon the earth for three years and a half; after which, the devil shall be enchained, and we shall see him trodden underfoot, as in this picture." It is all exquisite in line and easy flowing movement, and its deep sincerity of feeling is attested by the painter's action in throwing aside his brush for conscience sake and passing the remaining fifteen years of his life in retirement. It gives the picture the force of a human document. The old Florentine painter, who was the highest exponent of mystic feeling, makes his confession through it, and it overflows with love and mystery:

The shepherds sing and shall I silent be?
My God, no hymns for Thee?
My soul's a shepherd too: a flock it feeds
Of thoughts and words and deeds.

The pasture is Thy word, the streams Thy grace,
Enriching all the place.
Shepherd and flock shall sing and all my powers
Outsing the daylight hours.

Who were the Magi, the Wise Men of the East? From what nation did they travel so far to do homage to the new-born Saviour? Why was the star vouchsafed them as a guide? St. Matthew tells the mystic story in the simplest form, but through centuries research has been made and legends and theories have grown up around the Gospel verses. The use of the word Magi is held to indicate that they were Zoroasters, members of Persia's most famous order, and the gifts they brought, frankincense and myrrh, were Eastern in character. About the ninth century the Church discovered their names, and henceforth they are known as Caspar, Melchior and Balthasar. On the strength of the Psalmist's prediction they were established as Kings: "The Kings of Tarshish and the isles shall bring presents." As the event receded the details multiplied, after the manner of legends, and by the twelfth century their kingdoms were known, their ages were fixed, it was discovered that they had been converted and baptised, and afterwards martyred. Their remains were long treasured at Constantinople, where they had been deposited by that fortunate collector of sacred relics, the Empress Helena. In 1164 Frederick Barbarossa presented these relics to the Cathedral of Cologne, where their chapel for centuries occupied the place of honour and became the shrine for endless pilgrimages, and the oath on the "Three Kings of Cologne" was one of the most binding of the Middle Ages in Germany. The relics still rest in the Treasury, enshrined in a magnificent golden reliquary.

The adoration of the Magi is a favourite subject with the old painters. No other lends itself to such a number of personages and

such costly detail. Even in an adoration of the Shepherds it is common to find the background occupied with the advancing procession. Simplicity is felt to be out of place, and the fancy plays freely over gorgeous composition, with Moors and Orientals in the suites of the kings, leading animals which are a cross between a camel and a giraffe. Who does not recollect the crowded panel of Gentile da Fabriano, where every inch dazzles us with rich brocades, embossed golden haloes and bridles and gem-starred crowns, exquisitely painted in almost incredible decorative detail. Round three sides of the little chapel in the old palace of the Medici in Florence, the long procession, painted by Benozzo Gozzoli, winds to Bethlehem.

The delicious landscape, with its cypresses, its castle-crowned hills, its roses and pomegranates, shows us the environs of the flourishing burgher city. The Patriarch of Constantinople rides as the eldest king; the second is a portrait of John Paleologus, Emperor of the East; and the rose-crowned boy upon the white horse is Lorenzo the Magnificent in his early youth, and Cosimo de Medici and many of his Florentine circle make up the throng, the whole celebrating the Great Council of the Eastern and Western Kingdoms held at Florence in 1439 under Cosimo's auspices. Luini, in his frescoes in the cathedral of the little town of Saronno, is full of the more advanced feeling for art—charm and beauty are more to him than portraiture. The exquisite face of Our Lady in his "Adoration," the ample design, the calm, harmonious grouping, the finished execution and sweet colour, make it one of the loveliest of existing frescoes. It reminds us of Leonardo, whose faded, half-finished painting in the Uffizi has more exquisite suggestions in its ruin than are to be found in any completed work. Mantegna and Tintoretto are among those who have given us masterpieces; but with the Venetians we get into a more ostentatious atmosphere, and devotion seems to die away before the florid splendour and studied magnificence of a Bonifazio.

EVELYN MARCH PHILLIPPS.

EIGHTY . . . YEARS AGO.

AT the first blush the idea of a topical edition of "Pickwick" (Chapman and Hall) looks like an extravagance of the most extreme admirers of Dickens, who are an aggressive people and slightly addicted to perform their worship, like the Scribes, on the house-tops. Over-illustration does not commend itself to the imaginative reader, who forms his own pictures as he goes along; and the artist of the original edition had so truly caught the spirit of Boz that his Pickwick, Sam Weller, Mrs. Bardwell and the rest appeared perfect in their way and sufficing for all time. Besides, "Pickwick" is purely a work of humour. It is, perhaps, the most amusing book in the English language, and the laughter it excites is the most human, the most hearty, the most wholesome. No one has tried to read into its merry pages the grave symbolism with which it is now the fashion to credit "Don Quixote." The fun is not marred by the naked and unashamed pathos which commends the death of Little Nell to the vulgar, or the sensational brutality of the murder of

Nancy. The severest critic of the later Dickens almost invariably confesses to a liking for Pickwick. There are few spectacles more absurd than that of a piece of pure fun being taken too seriously, or of a wiseacre holding forth on a light-headed jest. It was appalling to think of Pickwick set forth with a critical apparatus, and embellished with illustrations foreign to the spirit of Phiz. But first impressions are not always correct, and a careful examination shows that there is method in the editor's madness. He has produced a new book possessed of charm and an interest of which it was impossible that the author should ever dream. He has found a spot, as they say of an effective bowler in a cricket match. The



THE VIRGIN OF THE ROSES: STEFANO DA ZEVIO.

point on which he concentrates his attention is that Charles Dickens lived wholly in his own time, and, probably without thinking of it, he worked into his text a most vivid and brilliant description of English life as it was in the early part of the nineteenth century. Between then and now there has been a most extraordinary rush of change. No other period of history has seen its like. Everyone will realise how vast it has been by walking along Fleet Street and contrasting the living picture presented by that crowded thoroughfare to-day with the mental image of what it must have been in 1827, the date given by Dickens himself for his novel. And what numbers of topical sayings and songs, subjects of the day,

and topical events have passed into oblivion or the antiquary's chest since then. Mr. C. Van Noorden, the editor, recognising this, has set himself to collect over two hundred pictures to illustrate the change. They deal with originals of characters and places, scenes and incidents, references, analogies and fac-similes. We can show more clearly what has been done by taking a few examples from the conversation of Mr. Pickwick himself. His speech to the club in the first chapter affords an excellent opening for illustration. Take the following passage: "The praise of mankind was his Swing; philanthropy was his insurance office."

From contemporary prints the pictures are given of the scenes of his researches: (1) "Hornsey Vale and Church," (2) "Camberwell Fair," (3) "Hornsey Wood House," (4) "Captain Swing," (5) "A Sun Office Fireman." The editor reminds us that these were the great rick-firing days—he might have enriched the note by quoting Tennyson's reference to them in his letter to Mary Boyle, and Captain Swing was the Captain Moonlight of them. It is useful to be reminded by the last-mentioned picture that in those days each fire office kept its own fire brigade, hence the necessity of having the houses labelled "The Sun," "Phoenix" and the like. Welcome reminders of an older London are the pictures of a cabriolet in 1827, and "The Water-man to a Hackney Coach Stand." How many of us know that our great-grandmothers were devoted to the card-game of Pope Joan? A capital picture of a Pope Joan Board, showing Intrigue, Matrimony and so forth, makes all plain in the account of Mr. Snodgrass, Mr. Tupman and the Spinster Aunt playing it at Dingley Dell. We are told that "Mr. Pickwick sprang like a warrior from his tent bedstead," and on the opposite page we see one of the period, gaily curtained, above the speaking counterfeits of fat Daniel Lambert, and Robinson Crusoe "carrying two guns." Against the well-known "Bill Stumps, his Mark" are old prints showing contemporary puzzles of the same type.

Delightfully suggestive of the days that are no more are the pictures of which we can only name a selection: (1) "An Old-time Bagman, or Commercial Traveller, showing the bags and how they were carried"; (2) "Claude Seurat, the Living Skeleton"; (3) "Pieman, 'Heads, as the pieman said.'" "The Profile Machine: 'The first and only time I see you, your likeness was took on my hart in much quicker time and brighter colours than ever a likeness was took by the profeel macheen (vich p'raps you may have heerd on Mary my dear), altho' it does finish

a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete, with a hook at the end to hang it up by, and all in two minutes and a quarter.'" It is a delightful book.

OLD ESTATE SERVANTS.

MANY of our readers probably noticed in the daily Press of early November a paragraph about the old servants on the Broadlands Estate. The facts appeared to

us so remarkable at a time when the relations between master and servant are so frequently strained, and brief terms of service have become general, that we resolved to show some photographs of the men. Mr. Wilfred Ashley, M.P., very kindly lent his indispensable assistance, and a visit—of which this article is the result—was paid to Broadlands on November 24th. The house stands at a little distance from Romsey, in the centre of a well-wooded park, the trees of which are invested just now with that mournful beauty which is produced when the splendour of the autumnal covering is giving place to the "bare ruined quires" of winter. It has a room that Lord Palmerston added as a study, and here we see the high desk at which the statesman, who always stood when he was writing, composed his speeches, between whiles, as we may imagine, letting his eye rest on the noble river Test, which flows past the front of the house. We imagine it is almost the only river in which a London sportsman may land a salmon in the afternoon and be back in town soon enough to have it cooked for that night's dinner. Sport is in the air at Broadlands—the pheasants in the park speak as eloquently of it as the water, and in the house there is a fine collection of trophies made by the present owner, a well-known big-

game-hunter. Lord Palmerston, as well as being a great statesman, was a typical country gentleman, and looks it every inch in the

fine portrait which shows him in the saddle on his famous grey horse. Since his day there have been three succeeding owners—Lord Mount-Temple, the Right Hon. Evelyn Ashley and Mr. Wilfred Ashley. The estate is characteristic of "woody" Hampshire. It consists of about six thousand acres, and the men who have served the same family so long have done the ordinary work on a property of that character. Indeed, our photographs, as well as showing a number of old and faithful servants, by a happy accident also exhibit a view of the kind of estate



GEORGE HEAD, AGED 86, 55 YEARS' SERVICE.



JOHN CRAGG, AGED 81, 28 YEARS' SERVICE.



STEPHEN WITHERS, AGED 80, 47 YEARS' SERVICE.

work that goes on late in November. We particularly desired that no one should be posed, dressed or prepared in any way, but that each of these homely figures should appear in its homely appropriate garb and be engaged in its everyday task of lowly labour. Probably if there had been anyone to snap-shot them on any 24th of November when Palmerston was still alive, the workers of his day would have been engaged in tasks identical or very similar, for they are performing immortal services—feeding cattle, cutting timber, repairing one kind of fence, preparing to erect another kind, cleaning the river, sifting the ashes, making faggots, undoing supports in a new shed, while the gamekeeper walks past with his gun, carrying the pheasants and rabbits he has shot. The



JAMES RUMBLE, AGED 61, 33 YEARS' SERVICE.

fisherman's craft was out of season, but he showed himself with rod and landing-net. That is a page of country life as it has per-

sisted through ages. If we could get pictures of Squire Western's men we should find them doing the same sort of thing. The length of time which the men have served is extraordinary, and affords indisputable proof that the life they have led must have been extremely healthy, and that the amount of change which we of this age regard as being essential can be dispensed with. Two of those not photographed, because they happened to be in feeble health, are, in a way, more remarkable. One is John Pressy, who was born on February 15th, 1814—that is,



WILLIAM HUMPHREYS, AGED 52, 32 YEARS' SERVICE.

before the battle of Waterloo. He commenced work on Toothill Farm at the age of twenty-three, and has for seventy-two years



CHARLES WHITMARSH, AGED 70, 52 YEARS' SERVICE.



FREDERICK FLOYD, AGED 71, 53 YEARS' SERVICE.

lived in the same little cottage. This gallant veteran of labour enjoyed good health up to harvest-time, when he was still able to mount a rick and do a man's work. The other has achieved a nonagenarian fame, and is proud of having shaken hands with the King, as well as with many other high notabilities. His name is Cornelius Medley. Born on August 18th, 1818, he began to work at Broadlands when a boy of twelve, and has remained there ever since. His engagement began on November 1st, 1830, so that he has achieved the extraordinary record of seventy-nine years' service; and it was mainly in his honour that Mr. Ashley gave a dinner in the early part of November. Until lately he has still been able to perform odd jobs on the estate, but at ninety the bones do not endure such cold weather as this November has brought, and on the occasion of our visit he was confined to the house. His photograph was not taken because it seemed more interesting to show those who were actually engaged at work. The occurrence of a very old servant is in itself no very astonishing phenomenon, but the remarkable fact at Broadlands is that there are so many. Out of fifty-four servants employed on the estate, no fewer than twenty-one have been over twenty years in the same service. They have given an aggregate of eight hundred and twenty-five years of service, or an average of more than fifty years. Originally

performed in the same way and at the same times hour after hour, day after day. No monotony of country life is to be compared to the hard, unvariable routine of a great factory. And the pleasures of the countryman, if simple, are very real and wholesome. Let us take an example that is obvious and may even appear slight. On



WILLIAM BULL, AGED 40,
21 YEARS' SERVICE.

WILLIAM MABEY, AGED 73,
44 YEARS' SERVICE.

they nearly all came from the neighbourhood of Romsey, and those who like to find out what are the healthiest callings may be interested to know that of those surviving from the time of Lord Palmerston, one is a bricklayer, one a drainer, one a gardener, one a gamekeeper and two ordinary labourers.

The mind naturally turns from the contemplation of such admirable records to enquire how they compare with the average length of service at the present day. We doubt it anywhere in Great Britain there is an estate where servants are being engaged to-day who will be in the same place, say, in the year 1960. Change has come into the very air since the day of Lord Palmerston, and nowhere is its effects more apparent than in the restlessness of those engaged in labour. They refuse to settle. And this is truer of farm labourers than of estate hands. In the North of England especially the former change every May term. It is to be feared that the younger generation in Hampshire are not following in their fathers' footsteps. We enquired in vain for the sons or grandsons of these patriarchal workmen. In every case they seem to have gone elsewhere to push their fortunes. Southampton always holds out an inviting hand to the rustics of the neighbourhood. It would, however, be very interesting to compare the experience of one who had grown old in town with that of these aged countrymen. The more varied life of the town is obtained at a high price. Amusements, for example, are not usually to be had in circumstances that make for longevity, since the air is generally vitiated by human breath and tobacco smoke. Late hours, too, are the foes of long years, and yet they are difficult to resist when companions are plentiful. Men working at such jobs as are here pictured have the advantage of living continuously in the open air. Their food, if not over-abundant or rich, has at least been wholesome and sufficient. Their work has been fairly hard and continuous, but it is of the kind that interests them, and the dulllest labour in the fields is not so dull as the monotonous grind in a factory when the same tasks have to be

to go unnoticed, and querulous, except in a metaphorical sense, is never as beautiful as youth; but here it is not repulsive; it seems to have come with a certain content. Indeed, one was forced into making the remark that nobody is really old at Broadlands; even the men between eighty and ninety are young. We cannot but esteem ourselves fortunate in having been able to secure a record of this remarkable group of men before they pass away. Very advanced age brings



JAMES SMITH, AGED 75, 50 YEARS'
SERVICE.

a fine day how often is the expression heard in those railway trains that carry the army of clerks to their offices: "What a shame to be shut up in town to-day!" To be shut away in a closet or office in fine weather, where not a breath of wind, not a gleam of sunshine, not the faintest distillation of the fragrance of the fields is admitted, cannot, to put the case mildly, be conducive to length of days. The labourer is out in all those beautiful days and has incalculable benefit from them. But then it may be argued that he has to take the bad also, and has to endure the frost, the biting wind, the chilly rain and the damp mist. So much must be granted. The diseases that afflict those who are just beginning to grow old—the rheumatic pains, the toothache, lumbago, sciatica and the rest—proclaim it. Nevertheless, it is not to be denied that on balance the open-air life of the labourer is to be preferred by those who seek for health and longevity. The ages of those who are pictured to-day prove it; and there is a feature about them we would not like. Often the expression of the aged face is cross. In those before us it is not so. Old age,



ALBERT CONRAD, AGED 58, 30 YEARS'
SERVICE.

frailty with it, and in the nature of things it is inevitable that the numbers must gradually decrease as the years go on. Their existence, however, is a tribute to the thoughtfulness and care of the various masters under whom they served, to the soundness of their respective constitutions and to the healthiness of the occupations which they followed. It was from a generation like this, that lived and had its being on the land, that the sturdy race of rustics was born, many of whom achieved so much distinction in other fields during the latter part of

the last century and the beginning of this. In order to make the story complete, we append to this article a list of the names, showing when and under what squire each began work, where he came from and the particular pursuit that he followed. That we are enabled to do this is due to the kindness and courtesy of Mr. Douglas Everett, who, at a considerable amount of personal trouble and inconvenience, afforded the necessary facilities for obtaining letter-press and photographs.

1909.—LIST OF WORKMEN WHO HAVE BEEN EMPLOYED ON BROADLANDS ESTATE FOR TWENTY YEARS AND UPWARDS.

Names.	Date of Birth.	Commenced Work at Broadlands.	Under what Owner.	Occupation.	What Worked at Before and Under Whom.
Cull, Joseph ...	November 5th, 1844	May, 1879 ...	Ld. Mount Temple	Blacksmith ...	Blacksmith, E. Edwards, Farnham
Carden, Alfred ...	April 12th, 1842 ...	" 1866 ...	Lady Palmerston...	Painter, plumber, etc.	Decorator, Buck and Son, Southampton
Long, Edward ...	February 7th, 1859	" 1878 ...	Ld. Mount Temple	Painter ...	Painter, W. Carden, Romsey
Coward, Albert ...	March 9th, 1851 ...	June, 1879 ...	" "	Carpenter ...	Carpenter, Matthews, Romsey
Harding, George ...	April 15th, 1862 ...	" 1877 ...	" "	Bricklayer ...	Farm labourer, Hunt, Mainstone Farm
Floyd, Frederick ...	August 16th, 1833	" 1857 ...	Lord Palmerston...	" ...	Bricklayer, Wheeler, Romsey
Whitmarsh, Charles ...	" 30th, 1839	" 1857 ...	" "	Draining & estate work	Farmwork
Mabey, William ...	March 25th, 1837...	August, 1865	" "	Estate labourer ...	Labourer, Wiltshire
Bell, William ...	August 22nd, 1869	January, 1888	Ld. Mount Temple	" "	Labourer, J. Bright, Ranvilles Farm
Withers, Stephen ...	October 21st, 1829	" 1862	Lord Palmerston...	" "	Fettler, on railway
Mason, Fred ...	Dec. 22nd, 1845 ...	" 1868	Lady Palmerston...	Woodman ...	Woodman, tree-cutting for railway company
Head, George ...	May 12th, 1824 ...	" 1856	Lord Palmerston...	" ...	Draining, pitting, etc., Drainage Co., etc.
Humphreys, William ...	March 31st, 1857...	" 1877	Ld. Mount Temple	Carter ...	Market gardener
Rumble, James ...	May 14th, 1848 ...	Sept., 1876 ...	" "	Farm labourer ...	Farm labourer, J. Webb, Romsey
Medley, Cornelius ...	August 18th, 1818	Nov., 1830 ...	Lord Palmerston ..	Gardener ...	Worked at Broadlands since he was 12 years old
Holloway, Alfred ...	October 15th, 1852	June, 1880 ...	Ld. Mount Temple	" ...	Gardener, Messrs. Stead, Woodley
Thirlby, Frederick ...	—	May, '78, left '89 returned '92	" "	Head-gardener ...	—
Worsfold, Alfred ...	February 8th, 1854	February, 1882	Hon. E. Ashley ...	Coachman ...	Second coachman, Lord Inchiquin
Smith, James ...	1834 ...	" 1859	Lord Palmerston...	Keeper ...	Rabbit-killer, Lord Stradbroke, Suffolk
Cragg, John ...	May 3rd, 1828 ...	" 1881	Ld. Mount Temple	Fish-keeper ...	Fish-keeper, Usk & Ebbw, S.W., B.I. of C's/rv'ncy
Pressley, John ...	February 15th, 1814	Commenced work on Toothill Farm at the age of 23, and has lived in the same cottage ever since—72 years	—	—	—
Turner, Emma ...	—	February, 1866	—	—	—

CORRESPONDENCE.

POPULAR NATURAL HISTORY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—The enclosed cutting from a well-known weekly paper was recently sent me. It appeared under the heading "Nature Notes," with the sub-heading "Predatory Habits of Eels":

"When I was fishing on Loch Lomond in September with one of my sons, we had a novel experience. One evening as we were being rowed back to Luss, we observed a commotion on the surface of the loch. A few strokes of the oar brought us abreast of the disturbance, and then we noticed a small perch, about a quarter of a pound in weight, struggling along the surface, with an eel, or lamprey, of eight or nine inches in length, attached to it. A sweep of the landing net brought both on board, and we then saw that the eel was firmly fixed by its mouth to the back of the perch. The little demon held on for a minute or two after landing high and dry in the boat, but ultimately let go its grip. We then returned the perch into the loch. The boatman promptly cut off the eel's head, and showed us a curious natural provision. The eel's mouth was round, and exactly like a boy's sucker, to enable it to fix on to a fish, while in its throat was seen a natural apparatus, like a screw, with which the eel anchored itself firmly to its prey. We also saw in the loch a powan (the fresh-water herring), almost exhausted, with an eel hanging to it; but this time we left the attacked fish to its fate. Every day it was quite a common matter to see salmon and sea trout leaping several feet into the air, often five or six times in rapid succession, in the endeavour to get rid of an eel. When the fish leaped near the boat the eel could plainly be seen, and on one occasion we observed the eel become detached, and the fish come down free. Apparently the eel drops off when satisfied with its meal, and only the small fish are likely to succumb to an attack, though doubtless repeated attacks would kill even a salmon.—B."

The "eel" referred to in the above note is in no sense an eel, but the lamprey, the well-known representative of a group of fishes of very low affinities, with cartilaginous skeleton, no jaws proper, no paired fins, and a sucker-like mouth, whence the name (Cyclostomes) by which, together with the hag-fishes or borsers, they are designated. The sucker-like mouth, or rather buccal funnel leading into the mouth proper, like the circular lip of frog tadpoles, is armed with rows of horny teeth, which are not teeth in the strict sense, being devoid of calcification, although they probably represent a stage in the evolution of true teeth. The river lamprey, or lampern, to which no doubt the writer alludes, is a voracious creature, well known often to fasten itself to fish, slowly and gradually devouring them by, so to speak, drilling holes in their body. The much larger sea lamprey has been observed to attach itself to salmon ascending from salt water, and to be thus conveyed far up rivers. The hag-fishes, which occur only in the sea, are still more harmful to fisheries. Of the common European species, Linnaeus observed "intrat et devorat pisces." It fastens itself to the gills or eyes of large fishes and works its way into the inside of the body, where it devours all the flesh without breaking the skin. It is less generally known that a deep-sea eel of the North Atlantic (*Simenchelys parasitica*), belonging to the family of true eels, behaves in a similar manner. Its jaws are very short and massive, provided with large, obtuse teeth, and bordered by a thick, circular lip. The specimens first discovered some thirty years ago were found burrowing in the muscles of living halibut. These fishes have often been called parasitic, but incorrectly; they belong to the category of predacious animals which gradually devour their host, whereas

the true parasite is he who lives at the expense of another without causing its immediate extinction.—G. A. BOULENGER.

A RINGED WOODCOCK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—A woodcock has been picked up here dead with a ring on its leg marked "15 Country Life, London." It would be very interesting to know whether you or any of your readers can give the date on which the bird was marked and the place where it was last seen.—ARCHIBALD STIRLING, Keir, Dunblane, N.B.

[This woodcock was ringed by Mr. Thomas Roose, Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire, on May 19th, 1909.—ED.]

BRANSCOMBE CHURCH, DEVONSHIRE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—Branscombe Church is well known to this society, and, indeed, in 1906 we published a view of it in our annual report. It is one of those exceedingly rare buildings, an unrestored church, and it is, like most such buildings, a complete history of English architecture from Norman times down to the Early Victorian period, at which period all art in the country had died out. Rumour says that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners are going at once to take the chancel in hand, but I hope that this is not so; for, obviously, no work should be done before the winter is over, and, moreover, such a valuable building certainly ought not to be dealt with upon the judgment of one man only. I think the last entirely unrestored church which I saw was North Stoke, Oxon, which was repaired by an architect in consultation with this society. I saw it before he saw it, and again when all the work was done, and I can assure your readers that a structurally weak building was rendered substantial and sound without the loss of any of its charm and interest; indeed, it was quite delightful to see this fascinating building looking clean, tidy, weather-proof and fit for use. There is no reason why Branscombe Church should not be treated in a similar way.—THACKERAY TURNER, Secretary of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—I have read with interest two letters on Branscombe Church which have appeared in your columns. The one pleads for the retention of its Palladian features, as forming part of the religious history of the parish; the other urges their destruction, as being "common." Personally, I agree with the former view, but the second letter is attractive as being the definite and characteristic outburst of a form of mind that demands some attention and analysis. The first point to notice is that it attempts no argument. It asserts, and the assertions grow in bigotry and violence until they culminate in the astounding dogma that the productions of the seventeenth and eighteenth century architects and craftsmen are "hideous enormities." Well, then, we must, among many others, include Wren and Grinling Gibbons in this *Index Expurgandorum*, and hold St. Paul's and the City churches to be among the "enormities" which must not be "perpetuated." If this is the opinion not of an isolated individual, but of a class of men who may have some influence over the fate of our churches, those of us who have a wholesome catholicity of taste and an intelligent sympathy with the varying modes in which the æsthetic sense has expressed itself in the domain of religion, will have a struggle to prevent the remaining work of such great

Churchmen as Whitgift and Law¹, Cosin and Sheldon from being cast upon the dust-heap by the ignorant intolerance that can recognise no merit and appropriateness except in the creations of a single age and in modern copies of its forms and details. Our task will be none the less arduous because of the absence of ordered thought or marshalled fact in the outpourings of our antagonists, for intolerance is always most destructive when it most lacks reason and knowledge. That such qualities are wanting in the letter under discussion is evident. What are "East Devon's" fanciful objections and what the actual circumstances? We are told that the existing fittings "disfigure" Branscombe Church because they are made of "common deal." But, when they were made, deal was not yet common, and somewhat earlier it was oak that was common and deal was preferred when it could be afforded. On the other hand, deal has been common during the time that the "restorers" have been pitch-pining our churches by the score and hundred, often removing oak pews and benches for the purpose. The three-decker is certainly not "common," but a quite rare survival, while as to its being "hideous," it is well to reflect that it was made during one of the most refined and learned periods of our architecture, and, certainly, the skilfully wrought panels, the carefully composed cornices, the well-proportioned pulpit back, the thoughtful design of the composition as a whole, compare most favourably in their simplicity with the coarse vulgarity and cheap mechanical ornamentation of the feeble imitative stuff which often "disfigures"



A WELL-EARNED DRINK.

"restored" churches. It is further objected to the Branscombe fittings that they were "placed in the church when the puritan and vandal spirit was strong," and that they are therefore inappropriate to Church of England services. Why, they are of the type which arose at the restoration of those services, which was adopted for the refitting of the churches after Puritan wreckage, which was accepted by the Bishops of re-established Anglicanism as the most proper for the conduct of its liturgy! These strange neo-Goths of ours not only wish to deprive us of two centuries of church features, but also to blot out from our memories two centuries of church history. Yet, surely, if there is an especial value in the Anglican Church above the newer churches that have dissented and broken away from her, it lies largely in her venerable traditions and her almost unbroken continuity. A Geneva upheaval for a while overwhelmed her. But long use had enshrined her in the hearts of the people, and that is what saved her. She rose from her ashes, resumed her sway, re-adorned her desecrated fane. And yet we are asked to believe that such re-adornment, springing direct and truthfully from the spirit that had restored her, is a "hideous enormity." We are bidden to throw away as a "disfigurement" every material trace of one of the most memorable and crucial events in her history! And what are we

asked to put in the place of these valuable witnesses of her triumph? Nothing that represents ourselves, but something that is a mere make-believe, that would be fraudulent if it really reached its aim. Something which those who come after us will class not as the lively offering of a generation of men giving of their own to the House of God, but as dry-as-dust copies of what was real indeed to their remote forefathers, but is dead to themselves, and will fail to deceive by the coldness of its imitative forms and the lack of verve in the treatment of its mechanical details. Such products of ill-informed and ill-directed antiquarianism are to be substituted for what is, in its own manner, real, genuine and representative, by those who have strangely deluded themselves into thinking that they are the champions of correct religious principle against "archæologists and curiosity hunters." Truly they are themselves the most remarkable quarry that can reward such a hunt.—H. AVRAY TIPPING.

HOUNDS IN COVERT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Many an interesting incident passes unnoticed, save by the Hunt staff, when hounds are in covert. In cub-hunting days things are done which are forgotten as soon as possible—after due punishment has been meted out—but now, after months of work, the youngsters have learnt their business and the pack generally are in hard condition. Even so, after an hour or two, and possibly a run, they welcome the chance of a drink as much as any of the field outside, and in Mr. P. H. Adam's photograph which accompanies this letter they are shown refreshing themselves ere they turn to hunt again.—F.

CLIFF-PARTRIDGES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was greatly interested in the account given in your last number of the vagaries of these birds. When living on an island I turned down some partridges, which gave excellent sport for two seasons. The third year nearly all of them took to the cliffs, and it was almost impossible to get at them. When flushed they simply dropped over the cliffs, and there was an end of the matter. Finally, after many trials, I went off in a boat and anchored it under the cliff, and sent a man up to flush them above. Watching with a strong pair of binoculars I saw the whole proceeding. They just dropped over the edge, skinned along for a hundred yards, and lighted on a ledge halfway down. Determined not to be done, I posted a friend on one side as far up the face as we could scramble, and myself on the other, sent a man up to the top, and signalled to him, after he had sprung the covey, where they had gone. He then pelted them literally out with a shower of stones from above, and I had a most curious experience of partridge-driving. Apparently flabbergasted by the unusual treatment, they came straight for where I was standing, and passed me at only a few feet distance. I, too, was flabbergasted, and, of course, missed with both barrels. By following these tactics with the help of a boat some three or four brace were accounted for; but, although interesting as an experiment, it was not a thing to repeat often, and we gave it up. The three coveys noted seemed generally, in spite of wind, to follow the identical line, and used, I think, the same ledge to settle upon, halfway down the cliff.—R. J. G. M. SIMMONDS.

THE REED-BUNTING'S NEST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the issue of COUNTRY LIFE of November 20th, in an article entitled "English Natural History at the Royal," the author states that the nest and eggs of the reed-bunting were easily found. Now, in this district I find them particularly hard to find, being extremely well concealed in reeds and grasses—so well as to baffle discovery without careful and patient watching. It would be interesting to know if they vary in their site with the district.—H. A. P. DISNEY, Marlborough, Wilts.

THE LAW AND THE BURGLAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am much obliged for the answer of "Lex" in your paper to my enquiry about the law as regards the burglar in the house. There is one point in that answer which seems to me very curious. I do not question its correctness, but it makes one wonder at the law under which we live. It is stated that "if the burglar, on detection, makes a dive for the window and bolts, no fear of violence can be present, and shooting at the fleeing man will be at the peril of the shooter." That is plain. But a little further down comes the statement: "If, having been captured, he (the burglar) escapes, I may shoot in order to effect a recapture." This really seems very singular. Why is it that the once capturing of the man (and what, after all, does "capturing" mean?) puts him into a different legal position from him who has not been captured, so that I may legally shoot at the former but not at the latter? Certainly, if "Lex" could kindly explain this he would clear up what is, apparently, a great discrepancy.—COUNTRY HOUSE.

LOST GOLF-BALL LAW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—"Wild Driver" states the law quite correctly. A golfer does not lose the property in his ball by inadvertently dropping it upon another man's land;

but at the same time he is not in law entitled to commit trespass in order to recover it. But the practical advice to be given him is to go and fetch his ball, if he can do so without doing damage and he knows where it is. If the ball has dropped in such a spot that it can only be retrieved at the risk of doing some appreciable damage, or if it is really a lost ball that must be patiently sought for, then he had better leave it where it is. A trespasser can only be made answerable when he does damage, and in nine cases out of ten a tender of two-pence would free the trespasser from further consequences. The notice-boards, "Trespassers will be Prosecuted," only convey an idle threat. On the other hand, the owner or occupier of the adjoining land has no right to the ball; if he picks it up and keeps it, he lays himself open to an action for conversion. If it is known where the ball fell, and it can be identified and access is refused, its return may be demanded and an action of detinue brought in default of compliance. But when all is said and done, these points are more academic than practical. Social amenities seldom allow the question to arise in an acute form, and even when it does, it is hardly worth while to embark on litigation over a golf ball, and there is always the preliminary difficulty to be got over—the golfer probably does not know where his ball is, nor could he identify it with certainty; and, last but not least, neither party would get much sympathy in a court of law, for *de minimis non curat lex*. A man who loses an article does not thereby



OTTER CUB: SEVEN MONTHS OLD.

an artificially-prepared piece of water in my garden. I was unable to obtain these photographs until Mr. Hudson had got the cub accustomed to its new surroundings, and then the cub placed on the other side of the water swam across to an eel on the near bank. Otters can be trained to take food the same as dogs, and I knew of an otter that was quite healthy on a dietary of bread and milk and dog biscuits.—FRANCIS WARD.



RED DEER ON BEN NEVIS.

cease to be the owner, and a finder obtains no property in the find as against the true owner, but until the latter asserts and proves his title the finder may keep the article.—B. L.

TAME OTTER CUBS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."] SIR,—In your issue of October 30th you published some illustrations of otter cubs reared by an Airedale foster-mother. I now send you some photographs of one of the cubs a month older. When first caught the young otters were probably three weeks old and the average weight was two pounds. At three months old—the age of the otter shown in the present photographs—the weight was seven pounds apiece. I am inclined to think this is above the average growth of otters in the wild state. Otters reared on cow's milk certainly do not show anything like this growth. For the first two months the cubs were entirely suckled. During the third month suckling was continued, but they took in addition a limited amount of fish. Trout, roach, perch, herring, whiting, plaice and dabs were all tried, but were only partaken of sparingly; but when eels—particularly fresh-water eels—were offered they were greedily eaten. I have observed before this preference for eels over any other kind of fish. When alone with Mr. and Mrs. Hudson, the naturalist and his wife who reared the cubs, the otters were very tame and at times quite playful; but they were at once upset by a strange voice, and when removed to new surroundings became quite wild. The photographs shown were taken by the side of



A CREDIT TO HIS AIREDALE MOTHER.

RED DEER ON THE BACK OF BEN NEVIS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph represents a herd of red deer on the back of the highest of the Scottish bens. At the time the picture was taken this mountain was not only adorned with "the snow wreath on his brow," but covered with snow from head to base. It is seldom indeed that a good photograph of these animals in their natural environment can be taken. But in hard weather the deer, like their congeners the mountain foxes, the Alpine or blue hares and the grouse and black-game, frequently descend to the lower grounds, and at such times can be approached within range of a camera. The deer forest of Mamore, where the King this year enjoyed good deer-stalking, is not very far distant from Ben Nevis.—C. J. H. CASSELS.

ON THE AUTUMN AND WINTER NESTING OF BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Seeing a starling conveying building material to its ancestral hole beneath the eaves one day this autumn reminded me that this species, as well as one or two others—or rather I should say certain individuals of this and of other species—think it well to rear a family not

only during the autumn, but occasionally even in the depths of winter. A few comments on these exuberant spirits may be of interest. And first, starlings: At Christmas-time, 1894, I vividly recollect a brood in the nest; this was in Bucks. Then Mr. Ellis, the well-known naturalist of Arundel, tells me of two fairly recent similar occurrences in that district, namely, a nest with eggs on November 13th, 1898, and one with five nestlings on January 8th, 1902; while Mr. Knight of Horsham recently picked up a dropped egg—a very favourite trait this of the starling—on February 16th. And I have heard of similar instances from other parts of the country. Rooks periodically visit and inspect their nests at odd times during the entire non-breeding season. Especially is this the case during autumn, and once on October 5th, 1898, I found that eggs had been deposited in one nest certainly, though these never came to anything. Ravens are habitually early breeders, and fairly often have eggs at the end of February, sometimes at the beginning of that month, though more usually early in March. The following quotation is given from Borrer's "Birds of Sussex" (page 147): "On December 2nd, 1837, I saw in Cambridge Market five young ravens, quite in a callow state, which had been taken within a few miles of that town." And I have been told of eggs of this species found in January. Crossbills, too, are sometimes winter breeders; I have been informed that eggs have been discovered in the Highlands of Scotland even during February. I know of two instances of chaffinches building in winter.—JOHN WALPOLE-BOND.

VILLAGE GOSSIP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—I wonder if the townspeople who envy their country cousins realise what a frightful drawback it is to know and be known by all your neighbours. My walk down the village street this morning seemed one long procession of scandals. The postmaster was full of the fact that the grocer had the bailiffs in, and enumerated the grocer's worldly possessions with appalling accuracy. The sexton knew that Farmer S. was about to be prosecuted—on excellent authority—for watering his milk; and the vicar had heard that the sexton had been drinking on Saturday night. In the last case, luckily, I could prove an *alibi* in his case. But what would the residents of a suburban street think of all this little talk?—O. M.



"THEM FOLKS THERE . . ."



READY FOR A RUN.

ENTERED EARLY TO THE CHASE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of my sons, respectively eight and four years old. They have both been out with hounds since they were between two and three years old.—G. DENHOLM ARMOUR.

LIONS CLIMBING TREES.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—On July 31st I gave in COUNTRY LIFE an account of the capture and bringing up of three lion cubs. The annexed photograph is of these same youngsters at the age of eight months. They have acquired an extraordinary cleverness in climbing trees. In this case, this apple tree has a perpendicular trunk about eight feet high, without bumps or branches to give foothold. Once up the tree they are quite happy until they want to come down. They are much less handy at descending than ascending, and often come a cropper. The wild lion is not credited with being able to climb at



LION CUBS UP AN APPLE TREE.

all, and a man who gets up a tree is usually supposed to be in a safe place. Hence it appears the more unusual for these lions to attain such proficiency.—F. RUSSELL ROBERTS.

CAMPANULA ISOPHYLLA ALBA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—In your very interesting description of the wall gardening at the King's Sanatorium you speak of this plant as quite safe if grown in a wall-joint anywhere south of London. I enclose a photograph taken this summer of a specimen which has flourished for the past six years on the south face of a disused limestone quarry in my garden here, within half a mile of the sea on this very bleak coast. The limestone is covered by an ancient seabeach about 130ft above the present sea-level, and I have no doubt it is the perfect drainage which this affords which enables this and other tender rock plants to withstand our severe winters without any protection.—WILLIAM SKWELL, Whitburn, Sunderland.

[We regret that the photograph is not one which can be reproduced.—ED.]

